SEE TITLE PAGE FOR LIST OF CONTENTS.

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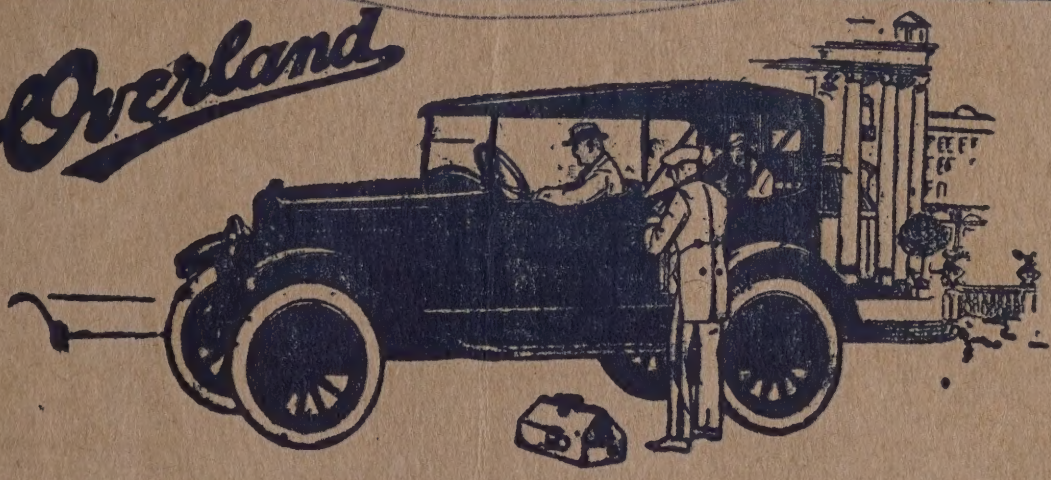
1922 Christmas Tide

THE COLONY'S ANNUAL

PUBLISHED BY
"The Argosy" Company, Limited,
GEORGETOWN, DEMERARA.

Overland



"THE QUALITY CAR."

Own an *Overland* and you'll enjoy all the pleasures of Motoring at a minimum cost.

The *Overland* 4 was built to fill the Unanimous Demand for a Good-Looking, Light, Durable and Economical Car that rides well.

Some facts about Overland 4:

(1). "SPRING BASE," 130 INCHES LONG
(2). EASY ACCESS TO WORKING PARTS.
(3). PLANETARY GEAR TYPE STEERING.
(4). AVERAGE OF 30 TO 34 MILES PER GALLON OF GASOLINE.
(5). VERY COMFORTABLE RIDING.
(6.) EASY ON TYRES.

Local Overland Owners have told us that they have got from 6,000 to 7,000 Miles PER SET OF TYRES.

FULL PARTICULARS OF EASY PAYMENT SYSTEM AND DEMONSTRATION FROM

BOOKERS GARAGE.

TIME TO CHOOSE THAT CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

What Shall It Be?

A Diamond Ring, a Nugget Brooch, a Nugget Bracelet, Colony Bangle, a Silver Bag, Silver-Mounted Brush and Mirror Set, or a

VICTROLA.

YOU can settle the gift question now by choosing a Victrola. You can come in right now and reserve yours from the many models and finishes we have. Few gifts have such an inclusive and a lasting appeal as a Victrola and Victor Records. Young and old together share in them equally.

Think of some home that now lacks the stimulation and solace of good music! Mark it on your list for a Victrola, sure, this year.

R. G. HUMPHREY

will deliver, anytime, anywhere, you designate.

M. GONSALVES,

Cable Address "EPWORTH"—DEMERARA.

Dry Goods Warehouseman,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

Importer of Textiles, Linens, Worsteds, Woollens, Ribbons, Laces, Boots and Shoes, Bedsteads, Haberdashery, Notions, Etc., Etc.

BEST GOODS—LOWEST PRICES

A Winning Combination.

European Agent:
H. T. MARTIN,
Globe House, 56, Bloom Street, Manchester.

Cable Address: "COOLIE"—MANCHESTER.

Years ago KIPLING Told Us

"If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too:

... ...

If you can wait and not grow tired by waiting,
Or being lied about don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

... You'll be a man, my son."

And Kipling knows mankind, "He's been, he's seen." And it's up to you, my son, to do the rest!

The Rev. Mortimer A. M. Cossou puts to you
"TWO IF'S"?

"If some day you 'kicked the bucket,'
and you hadn't saved a cent,
Or may be saved some dollars—just a few,
And your family had to struggle on
with clothes and food and rent
Would your ashes rest in quiet
If you knew?

If some day you 'kicked the bucket,'
and you'll do it sure some day,
And maybe haven't saved a blessed cent,
But you're covered with a Policy
worth a thousand pounds or two,
Wouldn't your ashes rest in quiet
and content?"

These appeal to your moral sense just as much as Kipling's verses, and when you want that cover for "a thousand pounds or two," apply to—

MESSRS. R. WARNEFORD & CO., *Antigua.*
C. E. A. RAWLE, Esq., *Dominica.*
W. G. BLADEN, Esq., *Montserrat.*
ROYAL BANK OF CANADA, *St. Lucia.*
MESSRS. ARCHBD. JOHNSTON & CO., *Trinidad & Tobago.*
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C. E. P. RENWICK, Esq., *Grenada & Carriacou.*
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MESSRS. E. A. RICHARDS & CO., *St. Vincent.*
J. J. HOWELL, Esq., *Nevis.*

or to H. B. SADLER, Secretary.

The Demerara Life,

HAND-IN-HAND BUILDINGS,

GEORGETOWN, BRITISH GUIANA.

BANKERS:
ROYAL BANK OF CANADA,
BRITISH GUIANA.

CABLE ADDRESS:
"PHILLIPS," DEMERARA.
'PHONE 643.

When you are in need of a really FIRST CLASS AGENT
Communicate with

C. A. PHILLIPS,

Georgetown, - Demerara,

Foreign Manufacturers' Selling Representative on a Commission Basis only.

Among the Manufacturers represented are the following, viz.:—

CADBURY BROS., LTD., Birmingham, England,—
CHOCOLATES AND COCOA.

MORRIS & CO., Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.,—
BEEF AND PORK PRODUCTS.

HIRAM WALKER & SONS, LTD., Walkerville, Canada,—
"CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY.

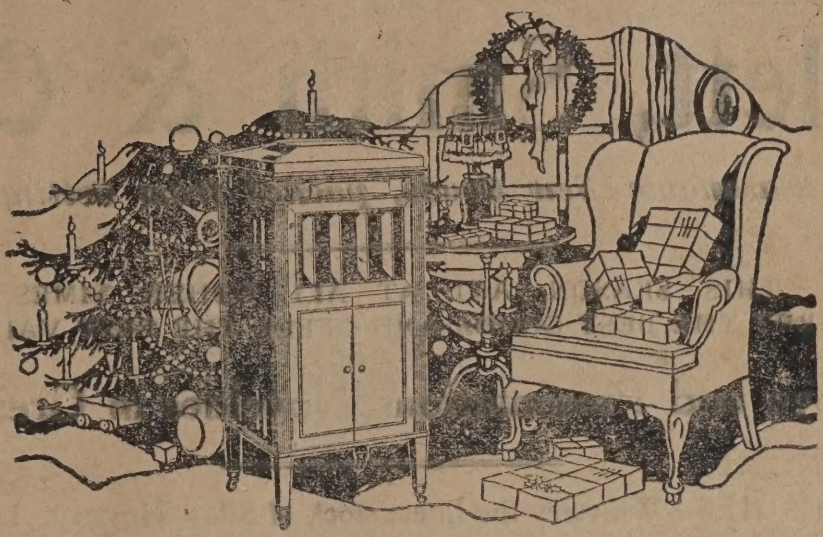
HOLLAND TRANSATLANTIC COMMERCIAL CO.,
Amsterdam,—
"DUTCH PRODUCTS."

My Strict Business Policy is to Deal ONLY with Importers of Good Financial Standing and Repute.

PRADASCO

HERE'S FOR A MERRY MUSICAL CHRISTMAS!

—AND—



Here's The Distinctive Gift of Gifts!

COLUMBIA

The Columbia Grafonola is sure to bring real joy and Christmas cheer to every heart and home. Beautifully finished, scientifically designed, the Columbia Grafonola with its wonderful tonal qualities is the distinctive Christmas gift.

Come in and let us show you what a splendid Yuletide gift the Columbia Grafonola will make. Hear it played and you will appreciate why this instrument can't fail to add to your Christmas cheer and bring lasting joy.

BE SURE TO CALL—WE'LL BE LOOKING OUT for you, to hear OUR Special Selections of CHRISTMAS RECORDS————CHRISTMAS CAROLS, Hymns, and all the latest Songs and Dances besides!

Columbia Portable Grafonola.

The Popular Grafonola Shop.

PRADASCO Cycle Store

19, Hincks Street
Georgetown.

Telephone 616
P.O. Box 135.

GRAND XMAS SHOW

AT

Flett, Smith & Co.

Tons of Seasonable New Goods, packed from Ceiling to Floor.

AT THIS SEASON, AND AT ALL OTHER TIMES, WE CARRY THE BEST GOODS AND OFFER THE BEST VALUES.

Dolls, Toys and Presentations, Novelties in Great Variety.

☞ FOR LADIES—We carry the finest stock of Silks, Hosiery, Laces, Ribbons, Tea Cloths, Cushion Covers, Duchess Sets, & Harberdashery. In Royal Worcester & Bon Ton Corsets, we carry the best and most Suitable Models, and have made these lines the most popular corsets known.

☞ FOR GENTS—We have a fine stock of Tweeds, Serges, Flannels, and Drills. Suits made to order by competent tailors, choice stock of Gents' Ties and Shirts, absolutely the latest, large assortment of all kinds of Gents' Handkerchiefs, Socks and ready-made Flannel Trousers in White & Grey.

☞ BOOTS & SHOES—At present we carry a larger stock than ever, and can supply the wants of the most fastidious for Ladies and Gentlemen.

☞ CENTRE CARPETS—A nice new lot at prices that will astonish and please. Tapestry, new Blue-White Mosquito Nets, Madras Muslins & Quilts, Damask Tabling, Table Covers, Serviettes, Glass Cloths and Maids' Aprons and Caps.

Sole Agents for the famous Ceylon and Black & White Teas at 80 & 84 Cents per lb., in ¼, ½ and 1 lb. Packs.

WE DESIRE TO EXPRESS OUR APPRECIATIONS OF THE MANY COURTESIES SHOWN US DURING THE PAST YEAR, AND HEARTILY WISH ALL A "MERRY CHRISTMAS" AND A "PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR."

FLETT, SMITH & CO.

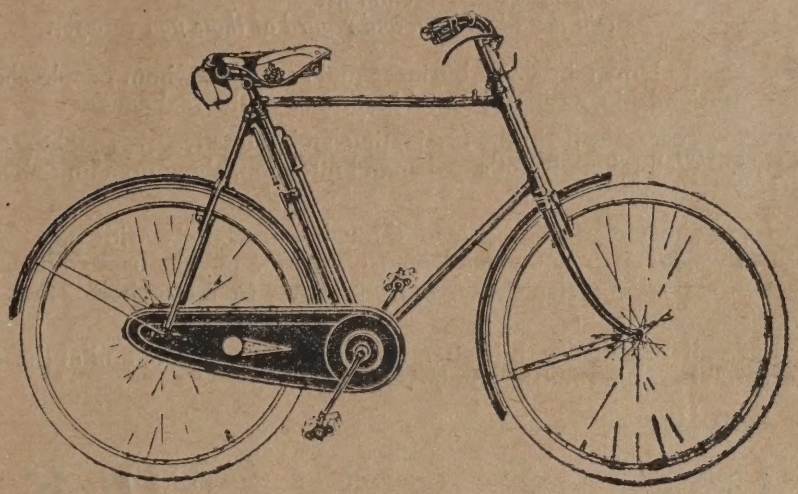
'Phone 209.

PRADASCO

Cycledom's Rolls-Royce.

(The Rolls-Royce is held to be the leader in Motordom.)

THE "STAR" BICYCLE OF THE UNIVERSE!



ABSOLUTELY THE BEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY!

The Golden Sunbeam.

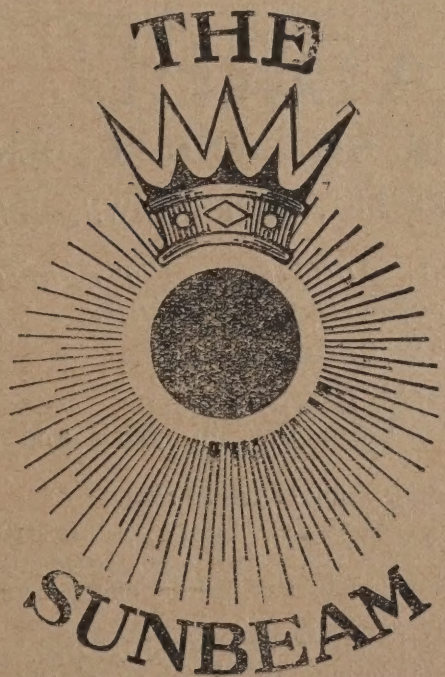
SUNBEAM'S EXCLUSIVE FEATURES—

GEAR CASE:—The Sunbeam Little Oil-Bath with Automatic Lubrication, positively Dust Proof.

SADDLE:—Brooks' B49, made exclusively for Sunbeams.

WHEELS:—Roman Aluminum Rims, highly polished, absolutely RUSTLESS.

HUBS:—Sunbeam Hubs. The Rear Hub fitted with the Sharp Patent divided Axle enabling Tyre or Tube to be changed without taking off Wheel or Gear Case.



—AS FOUND ON *NO OTHER* CYCLES!

BRAKES:—Sunbeam's patent Hand-Applied Rim Brakes.

FREE-WHEEL:—Special Sunbeam.

TYRES:—"Old Time Quality," Specially made for Sunbeams.

HANDLES:—Celluloid Handle-grips with Screw Ends, containing Repair Outfits.

HEAD LOCK:—Patent Thief-Resisting.

FINISH:—Beautifully enamelled in Brilliant Black, lined in real 22-Carat GOLD LEAF. Heavily Nickel-Plated Parts.

COMPLETELY EQUIPPED with Lamp, Inflator, Bell, Bag and Tools.

EXCLUSIVE AGENCY FOR BRITISH GUIANA:

Pradasco Cycle Store.

Cycledom's Popular Spot. 19, Hincks Street, Georgetown, Demerara. Telephone 616. P.O. Box 135.

You would like to know how to——

——————*make more friends*
——————*make more money*
——————*become more popular*
——————*achieve greater prominence*
——————*win the admiration and regard of those you care for.*

You have encountered men in your business and social life whom people shower with favours and seek their friendship, and are in total ignorance of the real cause.

The secret of these successes lie in the fascinating and attractive personality created by well-fitting garments. Well-tailored clothes demand attention, show up a fine physique, and shut out the weakness of a defective one.

Our thousand-and-one experiences gained through our contact with men of different tastes, from the small wage-earner to the gentleman of worth, enable us to offer you well-tailored garments in a variety of styles at prices incomparable from our choice stock of Serges, Tweeds, Flannels, etc.

We solicit your call or enquiry by letter for further information, and at the same time extend to you our cordial greeting for the coming season.

NOTE PRESENT ADDRESS—

LEGALL & CALLENDER,

TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT,

17 & 18, Hinck Street, Georgetown, British Guiana.

C. de ABREU, Ltd.,

WHOLESALE PROVISION MERCHANTS & GENERAL IMPORTERS.

19, WATER STREET, GEORGETOWN, DEMERARA.

English, Canadian, American, Portuguese, French and Spanish Foodstuffs.

SPARKLING and STILL CHAMPAGNE;
Extra Fine, Extra Dry, in quarts and pints.

WINES:

Kola Wine, Ginger, Prune, Abafado, Fonseca, Moscatel, Mos Sitiges, Moscatel Madeira, the celebrated Dinner Port, Toni Nutritivo, Chateau La Martin, Medoc Claret, Italian and French Vermouths in quarts and pints cases or single bottles.

WHISKIES, BRANDIES, GIN, BITTERS, LIQUEURS,
Asst. Stocks in Cases or single bottles.

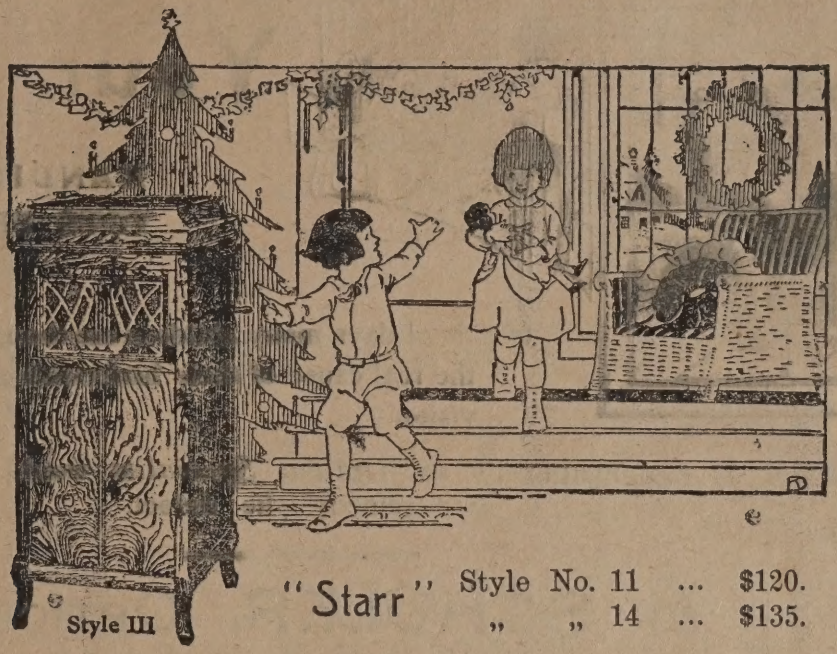
Fine Selection of FANCY BISCUITS, English, Dutch and American, in 1 lb., 2 lb., 2¼ or 3½ lb. tins.

Special attention paid to Orders for the Diamond Fields.

PRADASCO

THE QUEEN OF GIFTS FOR CHRISTMAS!

Many families instead of giving each other smaller gifts can unite



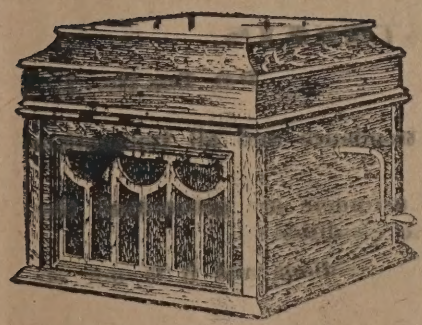
Style III

to give themselves the Queen of Gifts,

THE STARR PHONOGRAPH!

"Starr" Style No. 11 ... $120.
„ „ 14 ... $135.

Starr Phonographs & Gennett Records



"STARR" Style ½ ... $80.

have made their bow to the Music-Loving Public of Demerara, and have been accorded a most deserving and enthusiastic reception.

We want every Talking Machine owner o buy at least 1 GENNETT RECORD and try it on his machine. A full stock of New Gennetts has arrived specially for our CHRISTMAS TRADE—Come in and hear them played on the

STARR PHONOGRAPH.

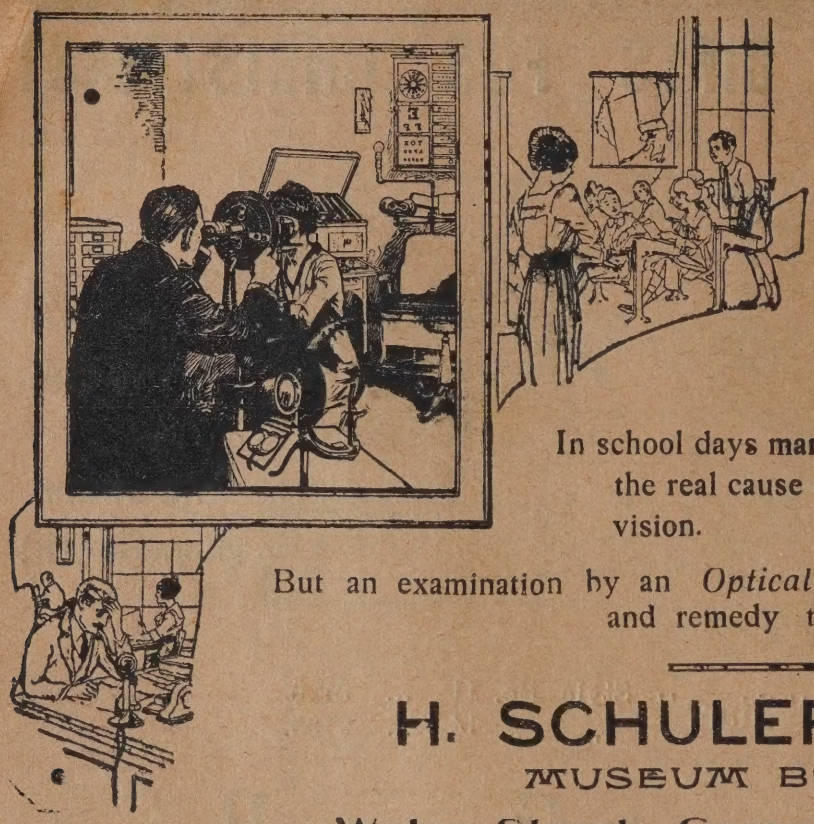
"The Difference is in the Tone."

Exclusive Agency For British Guiana:

Pradasco Cycle Store.

The Popular Phonograph Shop.

19, HINCKS ST., GEORGETOWN, DEMERARA.—'PHONE 616.—P. O. BOX 135.



PERHAPS

Your Eyes

HANDICAP
YOUR BRAIN.

In school days many children are thought stupid when the real cause of their backwardness is defective vision.

But an examination by an *Optical Specialist* would soon disclose and remedy the defect.

H. SCHULER, OPTICIAN,

MUSEUM BUILDINGS,

Water Street, Georgetown, Demerara.

The British Guiana Pawnbroking & Trading Co.,

LIMITED,

30, HADFIELD AND CORNHILL STREETS.

Telephone No. 372. P.O. Box No. 1.

Our Customers are assured of Strict Privacy, civil and courteous attendance and all transactions strictly confidential

The highest possible advances are always made on all articles. Customers are guaranteed that all articles left with the Company will be returned to them in the same condition.

The Company is opened for honest and straightforward business transactions and it is not our wish to retain any person's Jewellery.

We give 15 months from date of pledge before the articles are forfeited, and if at the expiration of that time the owner is unable to redeem or renew the pledge they may call on the Secretary and ask for a further extension of time which will be willingly granted.

We deal directly through the post with country customers in recovering their articles for pledging or redeeming their Jewellery and posting same to them when they are unable to visit the city.

A very large and varied Assortment of Gold and Silver Jewellery in Stock.

Also Raw Gold and Silver for Sale, including Diamond Rings and other Precious stones.

A full stock of East Indian Gold and Silver Jewellery, Gold and Silver Watches, Gramophones, Sewing Machines, Bicycles, Clocks and E.P. Wares—all at very reasonable prices.

As you see from the above we grant the best facilities.

GIVE US A CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

PRADASCO

Unprecedented Enthusiasm

John Bull.

Prevails in local Cycledom over the new

"THICK PURE RUBBER"

John Bull Tyres!

During the year now about to close, many Cyclists, we are glad to say, responded to our invitation to try out JOHN BULLS on their machines. RESULT:—The fame of JOHN BULLS name is spreading far and wide day by day, exactly due to their many superior qualities!

JOHN BULLS ARE MAKING HISTORY! RIDERS ARE ENTHUSIASTIC!

Mr. CYCLIST! Let Your New Year Resolution Be: "JOHN BULLS IN 1923 FOR ME!"

The Pram Tyring of Renown

(Another John Bull Special Feature).

—Spiral Wire Embedded in Tyre.

—Joining Pin for the 2 Ends.

—Section of Tyre showing Joint.

North Pole Pram Tyring

is the choice of discriminating users. There's nothing like it anywhere else.
Come to our Store and you'll learn why.

Full Stocks Just Landed.

Coil of Tyring.

The North Pole Man.

Exclusive Distributing Agency for British Guiana:

Pradasco Cycle Store

Cycledom's Popular Spot. 19, Hincks St., Georgetown, Demerara. 'Phone 616.

The Portuguese Pawnbroking Company of British Guiana,

LIMITED.

Oldest and Best known Pawnbroking Coy. in the colony.

Lot 16, Robb Street (Opposite the B.G. Mutual Buildings.)

ESTABLISHED IN 1886.

CAPITAL AUTHORISED $150,000. PAID UP $110,000.

Directors:

Hon. FRANCIS DIAS, Chairman.

Hon. P. N. BROWNE, | Dr. C. J. GOMES,
A. GOMES, Esq. | JORGE CAMACHO, Esq.

Hon. M. NASCIMENTO.

Secretary: W. P. WEBER

Bankers: ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Auditors: Messrs. FITZPATRICK, GRAHAM & Co. (Chartered Accountants).

A large and fine Assortment of Jewellery for Xmas Presents on Sale at Reasonable Prices.

Among which will be found :—*Nugget Bracelets, Gold Bangles of Pretty Designs, Muff Chains, Plain, Gem & Diamond Gold Rings, Gold Studs, Links, Nugget Brooches, Nugget Earrings, Gold Watches and Chains, Silver Watches and Chains, Silver Bangles, etc., etc.* And for the East Indians—*a variety of Gold & Silver Jewellery.*

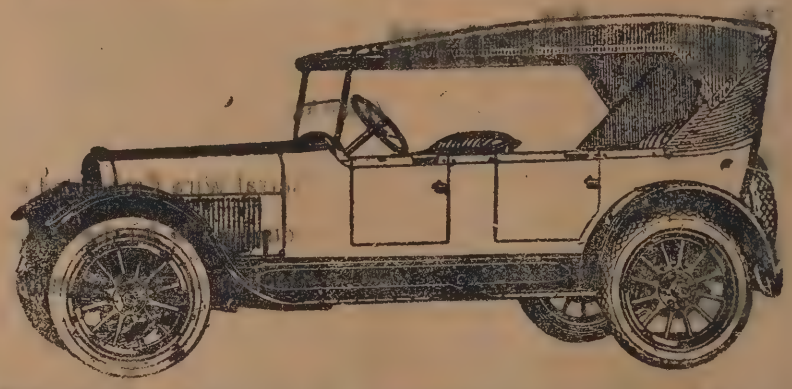
PAY US A VISIT AND YOU WILL FIND EVERY SATISFACTION.

THE CENTRAL GARAGE,

21½ & 22, HINCKS STREET.

Buick

The Standard of Comparison.



The 1923 Buick has been entirely re-designed. It has a longer and more graceful body, a lower and more shapely top, tin fact the car is five inches lower in overall height than formerly.

Every Buick owner is entitled to, and will receive prompt and efficient service—the kind that will ensure him he motoring pleasure he expects.

IN THE INTEREST OF A WISE MOTOR CAR INVESTMENT, EVERY MOTORIST OWES IT TO HIMSELF TO LOOK THESE NEW BUICKS OVER.

When Better Cars are Built, Buick will Build Them.

CHEVROLET

The Emblem of Satisfaction.

The World's Lowest Priced Fully Equipped Automobile.

The 1923 Superior Model has also been re-designed.

The Radiator has been raised 4½ inches, giving the car a *striking stream line appearance.*

Drum Type Head Lamps, Full Crown and Panelled Fenders, more Flexible Springs, Gasolene Tank in Rear with Vacuum Feed, Curtains open with doors giving greater comfort and Rear Curtain Window is now of Oblong Plate Glass.

All these add 100% More Beauty than the Former Models.

CARS ALWAYS IN STOCK.

J. H. LOUNG, Manufacturing Jeweller,

17=18, Croal Street, Georgetown,

Begs to extend to his numerous friends and patrons the compliments of the Season and thank them all for their past support and hope for a continuation of the same.

ALWAYS IN STOCK:

The Finest selection of Colony made Jewellery in Nugget Brooches, Sleeve Links, Knot and Wedding Rings, Neck Chains, Studs, Earrings, Pendants, Bangles, Etc.

THE BEST HOUSE FOR

Colony Souvenir and Nugget Bracelets, Souvenir and Nugget Links, Scarf Pins, Pendants, Earrings, etc., of Kaieteur Falls, Mount Roraima and British Guiana Court of Arms.

Diamond & Gem Rings, Signet Rings, Gold Milanese Wrist Watches, Silver Cigarette Cases and Nickel Wrist Watches—a Speciality.

Patronage Solicited.

Loquan's Photo Studio.

P.O. BOX 112 — 'PHONE 339.

GEORGETOWN, DEMERARA.

Amateur Plates and Films Developed.

Printed or Enlarged to order.

Old Photographs copied and renewed.

Enlargement, Enlargement

IN ALL SIZES.

Lantern Slides made to Order.

Prompt attention paid to all Orders.

Your Patronage Solicited.

WHAT'S THE USE

studying where you can have your Tailoring done, when you are fully aware that you can easily have it efficiently done at

THE SARTORIAL EMPORIUM,

3, America Street.

'PHONE 598.

Call and place your Order for your requirements, when will be executed with that usual Despatch.

PROMPTNESS AND PUNCTUALITY

being the leading Characteristic of this Establishment which has been in existence for 22 years.

LATEST ENGLISH & AMERICAN STYLES ALWAYS ON SHOW.

Fancy Tweed Suitings, Serges, Trouserings, Vesting to select from, Gents Ties, Collars, Kerchiefs, Half-Hose, Pipes, Razors, Penknives, Links, Studs, etc., etc. In the Fancy Department, a fine lot of nice Odds and Ends.

A shipment of Mavis Toilette Requisites expected momently.

FOR THE KIDDIES—Best all British made Toys, Dolls, etc., including Mechanical Motor Cars, Trains, etc.

The usual Christmas and New Year Cards Cheap.

PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

R. F. BENTHAM,

Cutter and Proprietor.

The Victor Store,

LOT A, WATER STREET,

begs to thank their friends and customers for their hearty support during the present year and to wish them all

A Happy Xmas

and

Very Prosperous 1923.

"FOR THAT TIRED FEELING"

you need the LONDON treatment. The treatment that straightens out the tangled threads of thought, that softens down the harsh and disagreeable incidents of the day's work. The treatment that makes General Gloom and his army of Worry beat a nasty retreat. It's a treatment that makes for comfortable evenings, pleasant thoughts, happy hours, and a little more contentment with our lot. It's a treatment we all need, as we make our way through this giddy, whirling maëlstrom of excitement and depression called life.

LONDON ELECTRIC THEATRE

CAMP STREET.

YOUR GIFTS FOR THE SEASON MUST BE——

DAINTY and PLEASING

——YET NOT TOO COSTLY.

¶ This sets up a problem but we save you the worry as the solution is easily found in our

SHOW CASES

where there is a fine display of

Diamond Rings and Brooches, Gold Bangles, Brooches and Chains and East Indian Jewellery in Gold and Silver

of the most Fascinating Description.

You can earn the goodwill of your friends and still be in pocket by getting these valuable mementos at practically their first cost.

The People's Pawnbroking Co. of B.G. Ltd.,

5, ROBB STREET, — 'PHONE No. 400.

TELEPHONE No. 473.

Jeweller **M. U. HING,** Watchmaker

15, Robb & Hincks Streets (Below Cable Office).

P.O. BOX No. 73.

- FOR EVERY DESCRIPTION OF -

GOLD AND GEM GOODS.	SILVER GOODS.	ELECTRO-PLATED GOODS.
Diamond Single Stone Ring,	Coffee Spoons,	Centre Table Vases,
Platinum Diamond Cluster Ring,	5 o'clock Tea Spoons,	Flower Basket Vases,
Diamond Half Hoop Ring,	Sauce Boats,	Entrée Dishes,
Opal Half Hoop Ring,	Liqueur Sets,	Vegetable Dishes,
Diamond Platinum Necklet,	Salt, Pepper and Mustard Sets,	Ice Water Pitchers,
Aquamarine Necklet,	Serviette Rings,	Meat Carvers,
Opals and Peridot Necklet,	Cigar and Cigarette Boxes,	Tantalus,
Gold Slave Bracelets,	Lady's Comb and Brush Sets,	Cassarole Dishes,
Gold Watch Bracelets,	Gents' Military Brushes,	Ink and Calendar Stand,
Diamond and Ruby Brooches,	Baby Hair Brushes,	Sweet Meat Dishes,
Ruby and Pearl Brooches,	Manicure Set,	Jam Jars,
Real Pearl Necklets,	Silver Flower Vases,	Butter Dishes,
Sapphire & Pearl Drop Earrings,	Photo Frames,	Pickle Jars,
Amethyst Earrings,	Powder Boxes,	Ice Buckets,
Links and Studs,	Hair Pin Boxes,	Dinner Gongs,
Cigarette Cases,	Hair Tidies,	Cake Forks,
Tortoise Shell Cases,	Dressing Table Clocks,	Tea Spoons,
Tortoise Shell Cigarette Tubes.	Travelling Clocks.	Fish Eaters.

Collins' Tailoring Establishment,

26, ROBB STREET, (—Obliquely Opposite— Royal Bank of Canada.)

THE LATEST WORD IN THE SARTORIAL ART:

COLLINS FOR CLOTHES

Shakespeare says "Clothes doth bespeak the man" and so say our HUNDREDS OF SATISFIED CUSTOMERS.

We represent a few of the best British Cloth Manufacturers and can supply at lowest possible prices: High class selections of TWEEDS, ALL WOOL INDIGO, SERGES, SUPER CHEVIOTS and WORSTEDS, FLANNELS, KHAKI DRILLS, TUSSORES, &c., also the famous 'SOLARO' Sunproof Fabric—*The Ideal Suit.*

We have a well equipped staff and every garment is subject to my personal attention.
Special Quotation on your C.O.D. and other Suit Lengths. EVENING DRESS GARMENTS, COATS, also RIDING BREECHES— A Speciality.

Cleaning AND **Pressing,** ALSO **Alterations** CAREFULLY DONE.

A Merry Christmas and A Prosperous New Year
To our numerous Friends is our wish sincere.

Motto: PRINCIPLE and PUNCTUALITY | YOURS FOR SERVICE and SATISFACTION

S. N. COLLINS,
(Holder of Govt. Certificate)
Cutter and Manager.

You Need Us For Xmas

As we have in stock the following Items to make the home bright:—

SAPOLIN ENAMELS, VARNISH STAIN, VARNISH, GOLD ENAMELS, CHAIR SEATS, CARPETS, CRETONS, BED-SHEETING, PICTURE MOULDINGS, GLASS, WALL PAPER, ENAMELWARE, ICE-CREAM FREEZERS, Etc.

TOYS! TOYS!! TOYS!!!

—o—

Manoel D'Andrade & Co.,

28, HOLMES STREET.

Phone 364. P. O. Box 23.

THE

Wizard Agency & Trading Co.

REPRESENTING:

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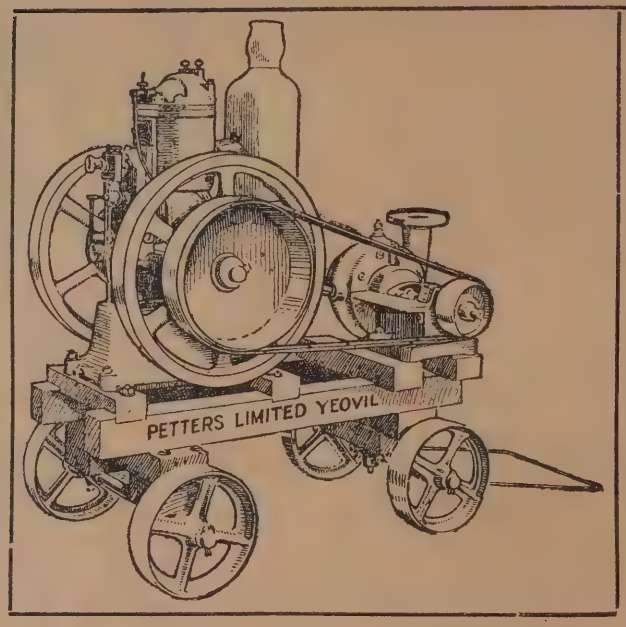

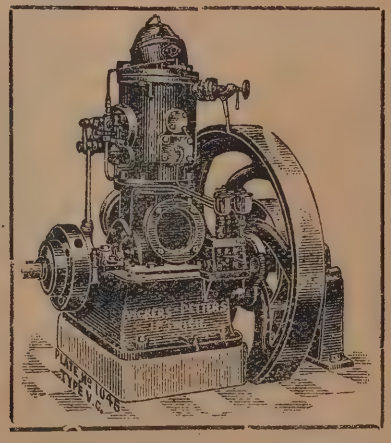

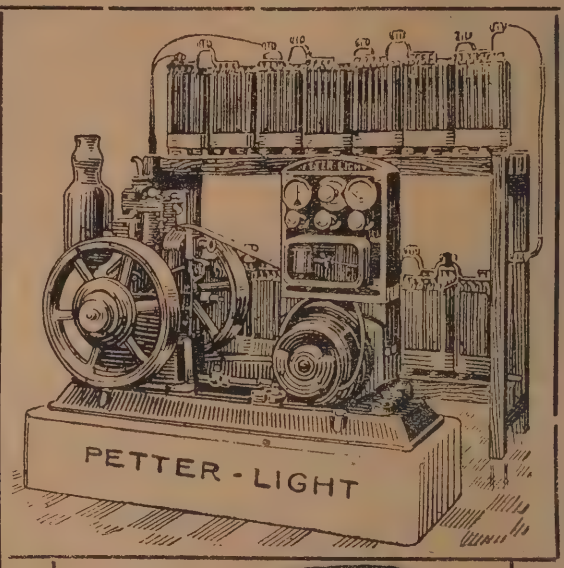

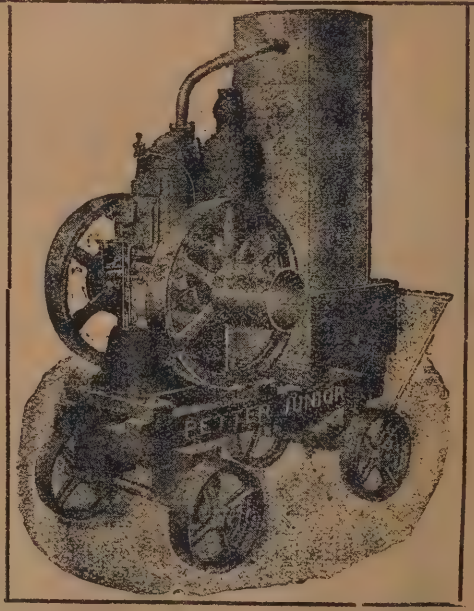

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British, Dutch & French Guianas.

Christmas Tide.

Price: 12 Cents. **Postage: In the Colony, 6 Cents; Abroad, 4 Cents.**

GEORGETOWN, DEMERARA, BRITISH GUIANA, DECEMBER, 1922.

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A FOREWORD.

WHAT OF THE COMING YEAR?

By the Editor.

IT is twelve months since (as the business letters say) we last had this pleasure; and once again the occasion comes to review the events of the year that is quickly slipping away and to prognosticate, so far as we can, the outlook of the year that is to come. It will seem to most of us that these milestones in life are rapidly passing by. Last Christmas seems such a short distance away and, yet, have there not happened more events in the past months than are usual in the Colonial year? And, further have there not happened such events as will hearten all of us in the belief that better times are in store? Twelve months ago when we wrote our "Foreword" we were in no highly optimistic mood. The bottom of the sugar market had been knocked out and, with the single exception of diamond-hunting, it appeared probable that there would be little scope for maintaining the degree of prosperity to which the Colony had become accustomed. Unfortunately, we were correct up to a point but, fortunately, the hardships which have been incurred have not been of too severe a nature. Though there has been a very palpable dropping-off in commerce, the effect has not been so devastating as pessimists might expect. Indeed, those who have gone to the "Fail Office" have mainly been those whose stake in the Colony was of little account.

Yet we cannot pretend that we have escaped scot-free. The Government finances for the year show to what extent the revenue has fallen and the revenue is, of course, an indication of the course of trade. It is naturally a matter of some disappointment that the Surplus Fund has been so seriously depleted. Even the most hopeful did not expect a very prosperous year but, at the same time, it is no matter for congratulation, after taking all the circumstances into consideration that there should be such a grave deficit in the revenue. Unfortunately the Government did not see fit to exercise that stringent economy which we advised, nor did the Combined Court exert its influence as it might have done. The result is that, this year, we shall have to face slightly additional taxation, even after the reduction of the salaries of Civil Servants in such a drastic manner. Fortunately the outlook is improving in every way and the indications are that 1923 will clearly show that we have turned the corner.

The events of 1922 have been illuminating. Chief attention must be given to the visit of the Rt. Hon. Mr. E. F. L. Wood and his party which resulted in the publication of a report which is now a classic in the Colony's literature. With the recent formation of the new Government, it can be readily seen that British Guiana is not lacking in friends in the British Cabinet. Mr. Wood, though his visit was a somewhat hasty one, went carefully into our leading problems and there is every reason to hope that

when the Government finds itself able to turn its attention to the question of developing the Colonies it will have the inestimable advantage of personal knowledge.

The visits of delegates from India held out the prospect that there might be some attempt to tackle one of British Guiana's chief difficulties—population. Though this report is now completed and is in the hands of the Indian Government, its contents are unknown. During the visit of the delegates it was apparent that they would insist on the rights of Indians being preserved; so that it is probable that some scheme of immigration may be devised. A great deal will naturally depend on the concessions which the Indian Government may require, but inasmuch as all races are equally free in British Guiana there seems no valid reason why suitable terms should not be come to.

Municipally, the City has made some progress by its decision to initiate a sewage disposal scheme and to commence work with a view to laying down permanent roads. The full details of these schemes have yet to be made public and it is indubitable that they will involve the public in heavy expenditure. Nevertheless, in view of their urgency, the public is generally sympathetically inclined and it is ardently desired on all hands that the task of improving the City shall be inaugurated.

The future is in the lap of the gods. It is an open secret that large hinterland development schemes are now the subject of discussion at the Colonial Office and, if an arrangement can be come to, it is probable that 1923 will see the first stage of what has been so long contemplated and so long deferred. At the time of writing there is every probability that some agreement will be come to and that a start will be made in making Guiana what it ought to be. For some time past the Colony has been receiving considerable attention from capitalists and there can be no better indication of the outlook than the price at which the British Guiana Loan stands in the market to-day.

These things being so, we look forward to some activity next year and this activity will be of a very more extensive nature than the usual colonial enterprise. The granting of the sewerage contract to Lord Dunsford, whatever may have been the circumstances, is a minor factor. What the people of the colony want is the development of the interior and the realisation of that wealth which for so many years has been more or less a myth. It is very well recognised that the interior is rich, but so far as those who dwell on the coastlands know that wealth is practically untouched. In the meantime dwellers on the coastlands are paying taxation in respect of certain more or less abortive efforts to assist development without there being any practical result from what is being done. It has always been our contention, and it remains so to-day, that the development of the hinterland cannot be tackled unless on a fairly grandiose scale. So far as our contention goes we understand that such an attempt is now being made and the scheme in itself carries certain guarantees of its general character as to place it above suspicion. It is just as well that this should be so. For many years dwellers on the coastlands have been contributing through taxation towards various improvements in the interior but none of these improvements have been so radical or effective as to bring to the colony any additional revenue. It is, therefore, a matter of commonsense that any expenditure which is undertaken in regard to the hinterland should be expenditure which offers the prospect of a return. Up to the present that has not been done, and much money has been spent in purely unproductive measures. We hope in 1923 that works will be inaugurated on a very practical basis. The time has gone by when Governments can spend money fatuously and in accordance with any academic whim which may flash across their minds. The principle of Crown Colony Government is that the colony should support itself. Up to the present we have supported ourselves, and the most we ask for is assistance to develop those resources which are at the moment untapped. What may be done in the new year we cannot foresee but we believe that with strong public feeling and with an intelligent pursuit of events British Guiana is now the virgin field for development. Whatever plans may be made this colony must always offer a fair field for speculation to any capitalists, and it is in our hands to decide whether those capitalists should be given an equitable opportunity of making money according to the stake which they originally placed out. No better course can be recommended than to offer to each and every capitalist a hearty welcome and to give them every opportunity of realising the wealth which is in the colony. If we dislike this method of procedure we are faced with the probability of more years of stagnation and of the delay which, as the last ten years have shown, has been fatal. The people of British Guiana must be ready now to snatch at any opportunity which offers, and there can be no doubt that whatever industry is promoted such industry is an item in the accumulated effort which is necessary to open up British Guiana and to extract from it the wealth which is now lying dormant.

Next year, we feel able to presume, will show considerable changes and we feel quite sure that all attempts at development and improvement will have with them the utmost sympathy of those who live in British Guiana. There will, of course, be many difficulties, but these can be overcome. We take the view that once a serious attempt is made to exploit the colony's resources we shall not have to wait long for further ventures, and that British Guiana will receive that attention which has been conceded to so many other colonies and countries in other parts of the world.

ACROSS THE GULF OF TIME.

By C. H. CREGAN.

ONCE again the goddess of the night deluged the city of Georgetown with the radiance of full perfection. On the Sea Wall throngs gathered, as is usual on such nights, to enjoy the cool breezes which pulsed steadily by. Against the stolid granite and cement the restless uneasy sea fretted unceasingly, flashing aad glittering under the all-transforming touch of the moon, smiling serenely in the eternal dome above. It is remarkable what an air of romance and unreality moonlight in the tropics lends to everything. The prosaic dusty streets of daylight become silvered paths to the realm of the unreal, the trees seem to murmur and whisper laughingly to the hurrying winds, the sea becomes a vast lake of molten silver. Over all hangs a suggestion of the ethereal, a touch of the Infinite.

Two men sat in one of the cribs which are placed at intervals on the enduring structure which Baron Siccama erected. For some time they watched the passing groups of people, and listened to the care free laughs which pealed now and again from some light-hearted girl or boy.

"Gorgeous night, isn't it Stanhope?" queried the younger of the two to his companion. "The world seems a different place on nights like this, eh?"

"It is certainly a very fine night; the full moon always seems to wave a magic wand over the city when she rises," returned the doctor, a well-known local brain specialist.

[*Drawn by Bert Thomas.*

POLICE OFFICER (to Actress): "So you got your pearls back, miss?'

FLOSSIE FOOTLIGHTS: "Yes; isn't advertising wonderful—here they are, *real* ones: my pearls were merely imitation."

(*Reproduced from "London Opinion."*)

"It's queer how exhilarated one feels on moonlight nights," pursued the younger man, "just as though there was champagne in the atmosphere."

"It is the mind re-acting to the influence of the sub-conscious. When the emotions are stirred, as yours now are by the moonlight, the sub-conscious ego struggles for a hearing under the cloak of gross materialism. A very interesting subject. "I remember—" here Dr. Stanhope paused reflectively.

"Go on, Stanhope", urged the other, "you always have something interesting to say. What's it about?"

"Very well. I won't bore you by talking "shop," but just tell you a plain unvarnished tale. As a brain specialist, I am very much interested in all forms of mental abnormalities. Broadly speaking, some of these are caused by physical disorders of various kinds reacting on the brain, by heredity, while others again are due to efforts by the sub-conscious to assert itself on the conscious. Cases of mental aberration due to the last-named cause are comparatively rare, but it sometimes happens, when conditions are favourable, that this elusive inner self, demonstrates its existence in conclusive fashion. One common form of a proof of its existence is shewn in what science calls 'inherited memory,' which is only the sub-conscious in one of its many guises. We have all had the 'falling dream' at some time during our lives. There is the sensation of slipping at a great height, the terrifying rush through the air, then the sudden and unpleasant awakening just before striking the ground."

"Yes, I know that dream all right. You wake up feeling absolutely rotten," said Hartley.

"Well," resumed Stanhope, "one of the strangest and most remarkable cases of inherited memory came under my professional notice some seventeen years ago."

He paused reflectively and slowly lit a cigar. The moon stared down impersonally aloof, groups of people eddied past continually, yet Hartley read a touch of the unknown past in Dr. Stanhope's voice.

"You know young Settringham in the Lands and Mines Department, don't you?"

"Yes, a very powerfully built young man, isn't he?"

"That's the man I meant," said Dr. Stanhope. "Well, when he was about 8 years old, his father asked me to give him my opinion as to the state of the youngster's mentality. Old Settringham was greatly puzzled, not to say alarmed, by his young son's strange behaviour.

"'I don't know in the least what is the matter with him,' he said, 'but as soon as evening begins to fall he becomes restless and uneasy. He bolts his food at dinner, and stares out through the windows at nothing at all. He resents being told to go to bed in a most vehement manner, and I am not all sure that he doesn't get out of the house at night and prowl around.'

"What makes you think that he leaves the house at night?" I asked.

"'His feet, for one thing, and the muddied condition of the room in the morning,' was the reply.

"In answer to my question the father said that the boy was apparently quite healthy, had never had any but the most ordinary of childhood illness, and was in short in every way like any other healthy child, but for his strange behaviour when night drew near.

"'Did he ever get any severe blows on his head'? was my next question.

"'No,' said old Settringham, 'I am positive as to that.'

"'Well,' I said finally, 'bring the boy to me, and I'll look him over'.

"On the next day the boy was brought to my surgery. His father looked more anxious than ever.

"I have never come across a child before or since who gave such extraordinary promise of great muscular strength. He was the most perfect specimen of childhood I have ever seen. He was physically flawless, and so far as I could tell, absolutely sound mentally. Indeed, I found him extremely intelligent. To sum up everything, I found nothing whatever wrong, and told his father as much. Still I thought the boy might be a bit nervous, and perhaps afraid of the dark as many children are, so I prescribed a sedative, and told Settringham to let me know how he progressed under its influence.

At the end of a month or so the father told me that there was no change in Rupert's behaviour.

"'Last night,' said Settringham, 'he was staring out of the window as usual, turning his face here and there and moving restlessly. I went up to him, and placed my hand on his shoulder. My dear doctor, it wasn't the sudden way in which he sprung round that startled me, but the look which shot from his eyes. He was like a wild thing caught unawares, and desperate. Why, it sounds incredible, but he actually snarled at me. There is certainly something wrong.

"I soothed him as best as I could," went on the Doctor, while I pondered on the behaviour of this strange child. Finally, I turned to Settringham.

"This is very strange indeed," I said judging by what you say. "A possible explanation has just occurred to me. If it is feasible for me to spend a week or two at your home, I shall be able to tell whether there is anything in my theory."

Settringham readily agreed to my proposal, and the next day found me installed in his home in Main Street. Throughout the day, I kept a careful eye on this unusual child. I detected nothing queer in his behaviour until about half-past-six in the evening. At about this time he grew palpably excited; he walked up and down restlessly, his feet strangely enough, making no noise on the flooring. His father spoke to him sharply once or twice, telling him to sit down. He obeyed readily enough, but within a minute or two he was back at it again, pacing to and fro like a caged animal. I watched him with interest. Here was something quite out of the common.

He ate his dinner with a healthy appetite, but all the while his eyes roved ceaselessly about. There was something curiously animal in his behaviour.

I lay awake late that night listening to the rumble of passing vehicles, and thinking of the strange boy in the room next mine. Suddenly, a slight almost imperceptible rustling noise came to my straining ears. I tip-toed to the window, and my good Hartley I saw something which literally made my hair stand on end. From the top of the house to the ground below there was a strongly fastened galvanised-iron pipe, which carried away surplus rain-water from the vat. Down this pipe, Rupert Settringham, a mere child of some eight years, was climbing with the practised ease of a monkey. His movements were so swift and sure, that the feeling of alarm which assailed me when I first saw him, gave way to one of absolute amazement. Where could this boy have learnt to climb in this daring fashion? He was naked but for a strip of some cloth tied around his waist. He reached the ground, and melted soundlessly into the shadows cast by the rose-trees and vines in the gardens. The

next instant he had scaled the rails which fronted the house, and was off down Main Street like one of those cloud-shadows yonder.

As quickly as I could, I hurried downstairs without disturbing the rest of the household, and made for the gates which the nocturnal climber had disdained to use. When I gained the road he was nowhere to be seen. I ran some distance down the rather dimly-lit streets, but there was no sign of him. A passing policeman stared at me speculatively, but merely said "Good-night." I was too intent on the pursuit of young Settringham to return the civility. I went as far down as the Assembly Rooms, but I might just as well have remained in bed. The boy had completely disappeared.

I returned home by way of Camp Street, pondering how much or how little I should tell the father of the occurrence. In the end I decided to say nothing just then.

When the household bestirred itself next morning, I made it my business to look in at the youngster's bedroom door. There he was, fast asleep just like any ordinary boy of his age. I do not know at what unearthly hour of the morning he climbed up that pipe and into his room.

This sort of thing continued night after night during my stay at the house. At length by dint of much exertion and the exercise of great stealth, I discovered some of his principal haunts, which included such places as the Thomas land, the trees which at that time grew on the beach at Kitty, and, of course, the Botanic Gardens.

"How very odd! I never heard of such a thing before," exclaimed Hartley.

"I could come to only one conclusion," continued Dr. Stanhope, "this boy was a normal child during the hours of daylight, but as soon as darkness fell, *he became a primitive type of human being*, a genuine example of atavism. During the hours of darkness, the feet of time stepped back a thousand years for him."

In due course I conveyed to his father what my ideas were with regard to his son's 'affliction,' as he persisted in calling it, giving it as my opinion that it would require some severe mental shock to restore him to normal behaviour at night. He laughed incredulously when I told him that his boy was a savage, a creature of a past day, after half-past six in the evening; but after seeing the boy climb swiftly down the drain-pipe as was his wont every night, he turned to me, and with a pathetic attempt at a laugh admitted that I was very likely right.

It is unnecessary to mention that he was very worried and anxious over the whole thing. It was only natural. I advised him however not to think too much over it, as this extraordinary harking back to the primitive would very possibly wear off when the youngster reached manhood.

"'It may be as you say,' said Settringham, 'but suppose he never has a chance to grow up, suppose he gets himself ktlled or injured when he is out in the night on one of these prowling expeditions? Couldn't we lock him in his room at night?

I vetoed this suggestion for many reasons, as to being killed, I reminded Settringham that as a savage, his son possessed for the time the extraordinary instincts of self-preservation, which to our ancestors were second nature, and that the chances of being killed or injured were, comparatively speaking, rather remote.

'You will say that it was cold comfort to offer him, but I assure you, my dear Hartley, that no doctor could have done anything to counteract this extraordinary tendency in that boy. I could do no more than ask to be kept in touch with this most interesting case.

It is difficult in Georgetown, for anything out of the ordinary to remain long hidden, and in time the fame of the 'wild boy,' as young Rupert came to be called, became a topic of general conversation. Many persons had caught sight of him during his nocturnal ramblings, but such was his uncommon strength and agility, that no one ever succeeded in getting close enough to recognize the leaping, swift-running figure as the son of that respected citizen Ralph Settringham, Esq., of Main Street.

When Rupert was sent to Queen's College at the age of thirteen, he was alreaby an extremely strong boy, far stronger indeed than many a lad of 18 or 19. He was a first-class athlete, being for his age, without an equal at running and jumping. In time his strength became a matter of comment. Men who combine great physical strength with mental powers above the average are, as you know, Hartley, comparatively rare. Rupert Settringham is one of these exceptions. He was as brilliant a scholar as he was an athlete."

"But did he never have any accidents or mishaps during his night expeditions?" asked Hartley curiously.

"I rather think he did" rejoined the doctor. "Allowing for a certain amount of exaggeration, many of the tales which are told are quite true. I can vouch for an occurrence which took place one night when Settringham was returning from climbing in the trees at Kitty. We came along Camp Road from the Sea Wall. As he trotted past the road which now leads to the B. G. Cricket Club, two men attempted to stop him. I don't know whether they did so with any idea of frightening him, but they soon saw that they had caught a Tartar. When Settringham saw the two in his path, he snarled like any wild beast, and tackled both of them together with bare hands. He treated those powerfully built men as if they were children. One of them did manage to get in a blow with the stick he was carrying, but far from rendering the raging Settringham *hors de combat*, it made him, if anything, more like a wild animal than ever. The screams and groans of the too-venturesome meddlers, mingled with the snarls and growls of the berserk 'wild man,' and eventually attracted the attention of a passing mounted police patrol. Giving a final wrench and heave to his assailants, Settringham made off like a shadow down Camp Street towards his home.

The next day, of course, the "Argosy" headlined this latest exploit of Settringham. The account which his mauled victims gave of the affair was, as one would expect, very lurid. They dwelt with emphasis on the details of his strength and ferocity, giving it as their opinion that he wasn't a human being at all, but some evil spirit.

Old Settringham was much put out by his son's latest exploit, but could not approach him about it

directly. He did hint rather broadly to the young man that he should endeavour to control himself a bit. Young Rupert looked rather blank at this, and soon after laughingly referred to the incident of the 'wild man.' It was evident that his conscious mind was uninformed as to what he did after he went to bed at night.

I was curious to know how he felt when the evening darkened into night, and so one day I asked him up into my study on some trifling pretext.

After a few desultory remarks which led up to the subject gradually, I asked him if he felt in any way queer about 6.30 in the evening.

" Why, isn't that strange " he said in reply, " that was just what I was thinking of seeing you about, Just about the time you mention, I feel very restless and excited, I simply can't sit still. Something outside and all around seems to be calling to me. There is nothing that I can hear, nothing to see, but it urges me to come out. This feeling continues up to about 10.30 or so. About then I feel as if I were being pushed aside by somebody rough, brutal and free and just then I . . I . . think I must fall asleep, because I don't remember anything more !

" I listened intently, and when he had finished, I asked him if he hadn't any collection whatever of doing anything during the night.

" No, nothing " he replied, " except, well, the dreams you know, but there's nothing in dreams is there?

" Dreams " I asked quickly, " what dreams."

" Rather slendid ones, you know doctor. Sometimes I dream that I am running swiftly along the road, leaping now and again into the air with the sheer joy of being alive, sometimes I steal swiftly into trees. Sometimes again, I swim trenches ; always there is the sense of being ruthless, strong and free. By the way doctor, the very night on which those two men were beaten by the 'wild man', as he is called, I dreamt that I was mixed up in some fight about there. Sometimes the dreams are very indistinct !

" Very interesting," I said " and let it go at that."

" But why were the ' dreams,' sometimes confused and indistinct, and at other times clear " ? questioned Hartley eagerly.

" I think his sub-conscious mind dominated when ' the dreams ' were either indistinct or not remembered at all. When the submergence of the conscious was not so complete, then he could remember them, they were distinct. It was clear to me, " continued Dr. Stanhope impressively, " that if ever the primitive personality invaded and overcame the normal during the day, then Settringham would have become a savage *in toto*, and according to our lights eligible for admission into the lunatic asylum. If on the other hand the conscious could have been made to face the sub-conscious during the latter's tenure of the body and made aware of what was taking place, then there would no longer be a relapsing to the primitive. Up to this time, however, this strange dual control of the body continued.

" Historians tell us that the hand of a woman has remodelled the map of Europe several times. We have every right to consider the girl who stepped into Rupert Settringham's life as much an instrument of Fate as were any of these feminine and long-dead figures of history. In the natural order of things it is inevitable that some day a woman should come into a man's life and *vice versa*. Fate decreed that the paths of young Settringham and Désirée Marchand should cross. Well, they fell in love with each other. It seemed so natural that these two splendid young people should do so, he with his magnificent strength and build, and she with the fresh, elusive charm of youth.

" With the coming of this young girl into the arena, so to speak, there was a change in Settringham. He loved her as she did him intensely. This love reinforced his conscious personality. As I told you, Hartley, he was always restless after 6.30 in the evening. When he fell in love with Miss Marchand, this obsession of uneasiness retreated until 9 o'clock or thereabouts. After this hour it would no longer be denied."

At first the girl was puzzled at the increasing restlessness terminating in his departure at the hour I told you, but she accustomed herself in time to this " idiosyncrasy " as she mentally named it.

Like everyone else in Georgetown, she had heard of the famous or infamous ' wild man,' of his incredible strength, swiftness of foot, and ferocity. Before his son became engaged to her, old Settringham considered it his duty to inform her that his boy and the ' wild man ' were one and the same. He explained the peculiar nocturnal phase of his existence, and his perfect normality by day. She listened wide-eyed, while this astounding information was conveyed to her.

" I *have* noticed the restlessness which you have mentioned, but it isn't evident until about 9 o'clock. Yet you have just told me that it always commences at 6.30 !

" A faint hope lighted the anxious, tired eyes of the father. Perhaps this slip of a girl by the power of her love could exorcise the primitive demon which possessed his son's body during the night.

" ' My dear,' he spoke tremblingly, brokenly to the girl,' it seems that your love for each other holds this other self of his at bay, for a time at least. Since he was a mere youngster, half-past six was, until now, invariably the time at which he showed the first signs of uneasiness. Perhaps you can help him still more. If you can, you will have earned the lasting gratitude of an old man."

The girl's heart was touched by the pathos in the father's voice. With quick sympathy she laid both her hands on his drooping shoulders.

" ' You may be sure that I will do my best to help," she said shyly, ' because I . . . . I . . , love him. Something tells me that everything will come out all right' !

" You will have inferred, Hartley, that I kept myself in touch with the whole thing. One day Miss Marchand came to me, she wanted to see Rupert when he was under the control of his primitive personality. So one night, old Settringham, the girl and I took up our positions on the Thomas lands, just a little off Camp Road in the hope that he would select Kitty for a visit that night.

" Have you ever noticed, my dear Hartley, how Time seems to lag leaden-footed, when the mind is in a fever of anticipation ? It was, I think, only a matter of one hour's waiting, but to our tensioned senses, it seemed like five At length, a series of faint sounds

thudded into the still night air. Soon after we could distinctly hear the rapid patter of foosteps, each minute louder and nearer. Presently a half-naked form drew near. The light of the street lamp shone on the magnificent figure of Rupert Settringham, by day a product of civilization, by night a ruthless savage.

" As he came abreast of us his alert gaze fell on our little group. For an instant his blazing eyes glared at us suspiciously, threateningly, but as we remained motionless he didn't trouble us. I tell you, Hartley he looked at us as a barbarian of one tribe would look at three others who might possibly be enemies.

" He passed on to the Thomas lands, and we followed cautiously. And then suddenly the darkness emptied itself of yells of terror, and several frantically running figures.

" As they rushed past we caught a fragment of some remark about 'O God, de wild man . . . . . Thompson . . . . . tree.'

'Come on for Heaven's sake,' cried the distracted father.

" We didn't need any urging, Hartley. Somehow I knew that we had reached a climax. At length, we arrived under a large tree from which sounded irrepressible cries of sheer fright, mingled with hoarse challenging shouts in some unknown tongue. Presently, with the desperation which is mothered by fear, a heavily built coloured man dropped from the tree to the ground. No sooner had he reached the ground, than with a howl of rage the transformed Rupert dropped after him. In another instant he was at the terror-struck man. They fought as we seldom see men fight to-day, Settringham with the brutal, berserk eagerness which characterized his primitive forbears, the other with the desperation and fierceness of a cornered rat. To and fro they swayed, savage growls rumbling continuously from Settringham, hoarse, straining grunts from the other. That man put up a good fight, considering who was his opponent, but his efforts were unavailing. Presently he was borne to the ground, choking gurgles coming from his tortured throat on which the iron fingers of the other were fastened. His hands tugged uselessly against that relentless grip, while his feet thrust in vain at the muscular body over him. At length, the movements of his hands subsided to feeble pawings, his legs twitched spasmodically. All the while the vice-like grip was maintained, the snarls and beast-like growls continued.

" At this juncture the girl acted. I think she must have been inspired, she certainly had no precedent to act upon. She stepped to the side of that murderous brute and with the palm of her right hand she slapped him smartly on the cheek. His rage-imaddened eyes, glared up at her.

" Rupert " she said clearly, ' stop that at once, and get up'!

" For an instant he looked as if he would spring on her, and old Settringham started forward apprehensively. I held him back. I felt that this frail girl was mistress of the situation.

" She faced him steadily, returning his savage threatening stare undauntedly. We watched breathlessly.

" Into the blazing eyes the light of reason and normality crept. He released his grip of the half-throttled figure and rose to his feet, his eyes still fixed on those of his fiancée. He stood erect, and drew his arm wonderingly across his forehead. When his arm dropped the eyes were those of the Rupert of daylight.

" Désirée, he said, ' why. what . . . . . and fell headlong at her feet unconscious.

" Forthwith she became just a tender, pitying girl again. She fell on her knees beside him. and took his head in her arms while she crooned to him softly. soothingly.

" Presently his eyes opened, and he struggled to his feet. As his eyes fell on us he looked down at his feet, and again at us, unbelievingly.

" What are we all doing here, and why am I like this ? " he asked haltingly.

" Never mind about that now' I said quickly. ' Let's get home, and we'll tell you everything. You had better put on my coat.

" I looked around for his half-dead victim, but that unfortunate had come to his senses and vanished. I suppose he thought Miss Marchand was a being of another world acting in co-operation with the wild-man.

" Well that was the end of this strange affair. Rupert became an ordinary everyday person like you or I. No more did the rustling trees at Kitty know him at night, no more did he steal swiftly along the shadowy streets of Georgetown, a being who had outlived his day."

The doctor leaned back in the crib, and stared thoughtfully at the muddied waters before him. An air of mystery overhung the rippling serenity of the sea. For a time there was silence.

" How would you medical men explain such an extraordinary case ? " asked Hartley bewilderedly.

" In this case," the doctor replied, " the brain was the battle-ground of these two personalities. The brain is the seat of government, of memory and will, but no man can explain the actual process by which we remember or transmit motor impulses to the muscles. Is it that the brain is the physical expression of the spirit ? Is it that material atoms of former personalities are transmitted from parent to child, as would seem to have been the case with young Settringham ? Who knows ?

As they walked slowly down the Sea Wall to take the electric car home, life with its mysterious and complex phases, seemed a wonderful thing.

Overhead the ageless stars and moon stared down, all-seeing, emotionless, eternal. They knew.

SCANDAL-MONGERS.

'Tis strange to think from what a tiny seed
May grow a huge and slimy poisonous weed,
More strange that from a little word in fun
Foul rumours will like molten poison run.
Of all the deeds that meet a just reward
For this most fully is God's vengeance stored.
For those in everything who evil find.
Who crawl upon this earth with tainted mind,
With twisted soul, with lewd and cruel eye ;
Who take the greatest pleasure in a lie,
Who hate the noble ; seek to slay the true,
To vilify the good that others do ;
For them is set apart the lowest hell,
Eternally with their own kind to dwell.

A.

LONDON—DEMERARA IN 2022.

BEING THE DIARY OF AN ENTIRELY UNEVENTFUL VOYAGE.

By AUDAX.

THE giant aero-liner "Caribbean Queen" bound for the West Indies and South America with passengers and cargo, emerged slowly from the huge Embarking Hangar at Croydon Aerodrome.

A sudden shrill whistle, followed by a hoarse megaphoned shout of warning from the linesman, and, with a mighty roaring of her powerful engines, the giant aeroplane tears across the brilliantly lit landing ground and disappears into the night.

Up in his tiny office at the very top of the watch tower the timekeeper registers the departure by turning a lever of the chronograph, a complicated instrument which is connected direct with the "Caribbean Queen" by means of V. rays.

Several minutes elapse during which the powerful searchlight at the Aerodrome darts out, searching the night sky for the liner. Presently it is caught in the dazzling beam. "There she is," exclaims the operator to his assistant, and steadies the controlling lever.

Thousands of feet above, the "Caribbean Queen" outlined in silver against the black velvet of the night, speeds on her southward route to the tropics.

* * * *

On the broad decks of the Giant Aero-liner a number of passengers warmly clad in furs are leaning against the rails, gazing down at the myriad receding lights of London twinkling far below. The Customs searchlight at Richmond Lighthouse focusses its beam for a moment; then, seemingly satisfied, sweeps off and is extinguished.

Down in the luxuriously appointed lounge, armchair groups have already formed. Many of the passengers are whiling away the time before dinner by examining the various elaborate instruments fitted up for their amusement.

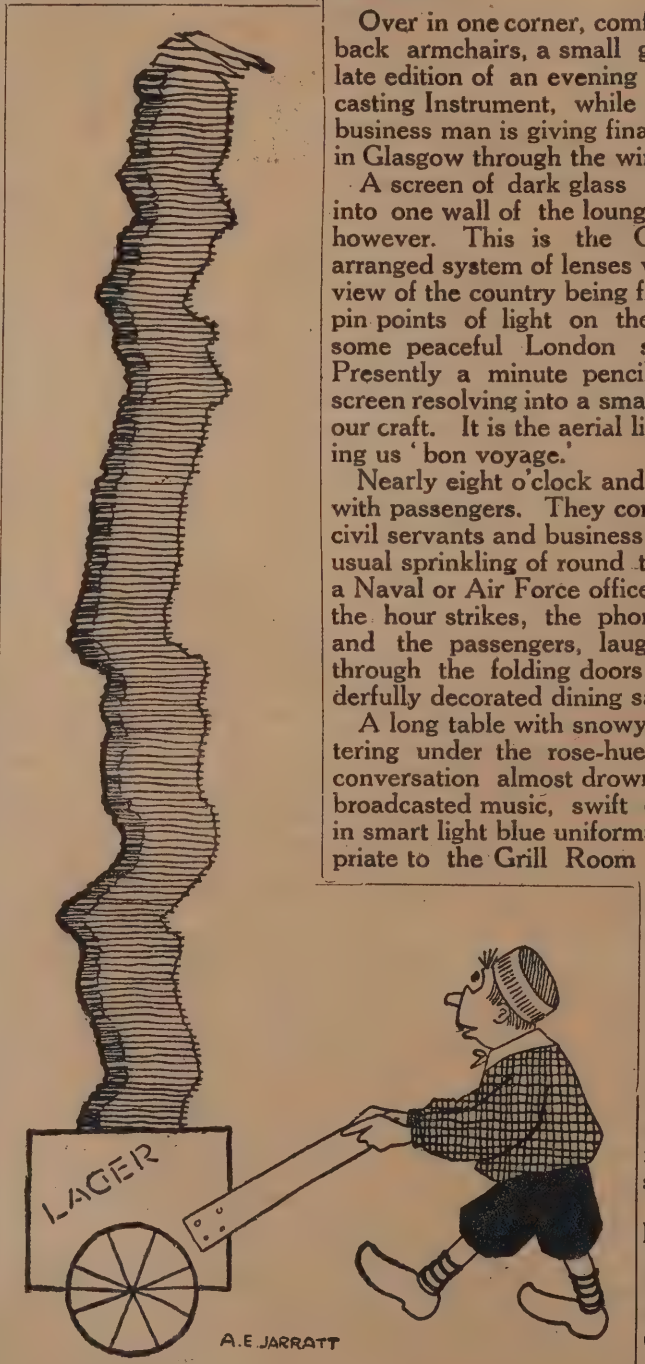
Over in one corner, comfortably ensconced in saddle back armchairs, a small group is "listening in" to a late edition of an evening paper at the Radio Broadcasting Instrument, while in a tiny alcove an elderly business man is giving final instructions to his partner in Glasgow through the wireless telephone.

A screen of dark glass about three feet square, let into one wall of the lounge is the centre of attraction however. This is the Obscuragraph, a delicately arranged system of lenses which project a panoramic view of the country being flown over. At present tiny pin points of light on the darkened screen indicate some peaceful London suburb 10,000 feet below. Presently a minute pencil of light shoots across the screen resolving into a small winking blob as it catches our craft. It is the aerial lighthouse at Tatsfield wishing us 'bon voyage.'

Nearly eight o'clock and the lounge is rapidly filling with passengers. They consist chiefly of leave expired civil servants and business men with their families, the usual sprinkling of round trippers with here and there a Naval or Air Force officer rejoining his station. As the hour strikes, the phonophone announces dinner, and the passengers, laughing and talking, crowd through the folding doors to their places in the wonderfully decorated dining saloon.

A long table with snowy linen, silver and glass glittering under the rose-hued table lights, the buzz of conversation almost drowning the delightful wireless broadcasted music, swift deft-handed stewards clad in smart light blue uniforms—the scene is more appropriate to the Grill Room of a fashionable West End hotel than to an aeroplane hurtling through space at well over 200 miles an hour. Such giant strides has science made, however, since the end of the twentieth century that it is all taken as a matter of course, much as one would suppose our forefathers looked upon the now obsolete passenger steamships.

The captain, a slim fair-haired young man, is sitting at the head of the table. He is wearing the smart blue and silver mess kit of the Company, and as he laughs and talks with his neighbours in a cheery, careless way it is difficult to believe that he can realise the enormous



A little German boy takes sixpence to spend at his Sunday School outing.
(*Reproduced from "London Opinion."*)

responsibility of his position ; but, beneath the careless bon-homie is an iron nerve and an expert knowledge of his job. The air is in his blood, too, for during the World War of the last century his grandfather fought as a lad of eighteen in the old Royal Air Force.

Dinner over, a general rush is made for the ball room the polished parquet floor of which very soon becomes crowded with figures gyrating gracefully and otherwise to the wonderful dance music of Liro's orchestra now over 400 miles away.

To some, dancing does not appeal, and these go outside for a final turn on deck before retiring. It is a gorgeous night, countless stars glittering like jewels against the sombre pall of the heavens. The romance of the air grips the imagination eliminating all mundane and worldly matters. For the time we are gods riding on the wings of the night. The condition of the atmosphere at the tremendous altitude at which we are flying exhilarates the senses to an extraordinary degree, although owing to the terrific speed of the Aero-Liner there is practically no sense of motion.

Our mood of exaltation is cut short by the insistent buzzing of the Deck Broadcasting Instrument—and presently from the curious horn-shaped emitter comes a voice from the void "Hullo, Caribbean Queen," it says "Guianian speaking" and goes on to relate the day's doings in Demerara. Extracts from a debate in the Court of Policy, the result of cricket matches and hydroglider races, commercial intelligence and the more interesting of the court cases. At last comes a final "Goodnight everyone" and the voice ceases. The "Guianian," sister ship of the "Caribbean Queen" is returning from Demerara, and we are due to pass her within the next two hours.

The night air makes everyone sleepy and soon the decks of the Aero-Liner are deserted. One by one the lights in the luxurious staterooms go out until the huge aeroplane is in darkness save for her ever vigilant searchlight which ceaselessly sweeps the skies, and in the navigating cockpit where the officer on duty sits with his instruments.

Early the following morning shrieks of merriment coming from the direction of the swimming bath rouse the laggards from their comfortable beds, cause them to hastily don bathing costumes and hurry along the carpeted corridors to the marble-tiled swimming bath. A plunge off the diving board, a leisurely swim from end to end, a final dive and then under an icy shower

Breakfast at eight, very welcome indeed to the early morning bathers. After the meal everyone goes on deck, the air being much warmer as the giant æro-liner is rapidly approaching the Tropics. Most of the passengers settle down comfortably in deck-chairs amply protected from the enormous wind pressure by carefully adjusted mica screens which permit however, a delightfully cool breeze to play over the deck. A few energetic souls explore the vast engine cockpit under the guidance of the chief engineer. So the morning passes. Far below the Atlantic breakers glisten in the sun, a cargo steamer looking like a matchstick on a pond is sighted and overtaken ; flocks of birds frightened at the great aerial monster fly screaming away.

The luncheon gong at twelve has a very noticeable effect on the occupants of the deck chairs. They sit up, yawn, and then make for the saloon with alacrity. Sea air at an altitude of 10,000 feet is a wonderful appetizer.

Luncheon over, a delightful meal served in inimitable style and once more to the deck to resume, in most instances, interrupted slumbers. Shortly after two, the pilot on duty calls down "land in sight" and at once the most intense excitement prevails. Everyone rushes to the observer's cockpit, a tiny cabin built right forward, and as many as can crowd in. There, far ahead a tiny speck appears in the Atlantic waste—Barbados. Gradually it comes nearer and nearer until at last the spidery form of the landing tower is plainly visible.

In an incredibly short time the "Caribbean Queen" is gliding over Bridgetown coming lower and lower towards the landing tower at Hastings. As the giant aero-liner approaches, the airmen stand ready with cable ropes, the engine stops, a slight jar, and we are alongside. Cables are made fast, gangways let down and a busy scene ensues. Passengers disembark and get into the hydraulic lifts which take them to the ground five hundred feet below ; mails are dropped down the post office shute ; customs officials appear like magic, stores and cargo for Demerara are hoisted on board, a perfect frenzy of shouting ; the shrill whistles of the liftmen, and suddenly all is done. The ropes are cast off and the giant aeroplane remains motionless in mid-air, her gyroscopic apparatus whirring loudly. The pilot manipulates his controls and the liner rises vertically. When an altitude of 10,000 feet is reached, the familiar throb of the engine is heard and the giant plane resumes her journey having halted for precisely twenty minutes.

Ten thousand feet below lies Barbados, a lovely emerald island set in a sapphire sea, the tiny white ribbons of her roads spreading out like a fairy spider's web.

Tea is over before Trinidad is sighted, the first view being of the gigantic landing tower at Port-of-Spain, larger than any other in the West Indies. Here it is that the Intercolonial Aero Liners connect up with the direct line and already several smaller aeroplanes are at anchor waiting to take our passengers off to the various islands. A repetition of the bustle and scurry at Barbados and soon the "Caribbean Queen" leaves the Land of the Humming Bird far behind her. The last lap of the journey has commenced—Demerara.

A patriotic and highly excited Mudhead is the first to see his native land, and soon far below we notice that the rich blue of the sea has changed to the familiar dirty brown. We fly over lower Georgetown now used chiefly as a penal settlement, and following the coast line reach Parika. In under twenty minutes from leaving the old city the "Caribbean Queen" is speeding over Bartica, the great shipping and business quarter of the New Georgetown. Away to starboard the late afternoon sun lights up the countless windows of the magnificent Public Buildings standing on the site formerly occupied by the Penal Settlement. On both banks of the river are busy wharves and shipbuilding yards. Large cargo steamers are lying alongside Well kept roads of a pleasant red brick colour spread out in every direction. White bungalows each with its own stelling and hydro-glider garage nestle among the trees. A huge twenty-storeyed building

standing in spacious well kept grounds with grassy terraces leading down to the water—the new Kartabo Hotel. The "Caribbean Queen" is rapidly approaching the Government landing tower on the hill where once stood Kalacoon House. As the Giant Aero Liner goes slowly alongside, the Fort Gun at Kyk-over-all solemnly booms her arrival.

. . . . . .

Up in his tiny office at the top of the watch tower 4,000 miles away, the timekeeper is suddenly interrupted in his work by a sharp click. Glancing at the Chronograph, "Umph!" he grunts, and proceeds laboriously to enter in the Time Book,—a ponderous volume, "Caribbean Queen, Demerara—23 hours 45 minutes"—"and about time too" is his comment, as he carefully blots the page and turns once more to his interrupted labours.

THE GARDEN AT BLAIRMONT.

In the garden down at Blairmont
The reddest roses grow,
And gaily coloured Zennias
In flaming row on row.
Tall pale Madonna lilies,
Coralita-pink and white,
Deep yellow, Calliopsis-like
Flakes of golden light.
A crimson Bouganvillia the
Wandering sunbeam nets,
And 'neath a Mangoe's shadow,
Grew fragrant violets.

In the garden down at Blairmont,
The sweetest Thrushes sing,
And yellow-backed Canaries
And Blackbirds on the wing.
Gay, happy-hearted Swallows,
Small brown Wren flitting by,
Big black and yellow Bunyahs,
Who mock the Seagulls cry.
And silver-throated Bell-birds,
And, Sackies brown and blue,
And 'neath the Palm Tree's shelter,
The wistful grown Doves coo.

In the garden down at Blairmont
The softest breezes blow,
And brightly jewelled insects,
Dart swiftly too and fro.
A haunting scent of Jasmine,
Floats out upon the air,
From clumps of snowy blossoms,
That cluster here and there.
And by the velvet lawn's edge,
Close to a leafy screen,
A little rustic bench stands,
Where one may sit and dream.

PETER PAN.

THE JOBLESS PLANTER.

By "P.B.O."

1. There's an awkward-looking creature
That is sometimes met in the street;
His nose is his special feature,
Though his garments are never quite neat.
You may think him a common-place human,
But the hue of his nasal knob
Will tell you, more plainly than I can,
He's a Planter,—and out of a job!

2. You can see him in groups at the 'Ice House'
As busy as bees near a hive:
And as for the Stabroek pavements—
He's present in 'bundles of five.'
The Government Steamer Stellings
Support (in their way) quite a mob,
And 'La Penitence' offers existence
To each Planter who's out of a job!

3. As he saunters along the pavements
Of the busiest streets in the Town,
One knows by his troubled expression
That 'things are a little brown.'
Each pale-faced clerk and book-keeper
Is willing to wager a 'bob'
That he's only an Overseer common,
And, what's worse,—he's out of a job!

4. When his former comrades meet him,
As they come to 'Town' for a spree,
With genuine pleasure they greet him
And force him to join in their glee.
Tobacco is willingly proffered,
Or a drink at the nearest 'pub'—
But the much-needed meal is not offered
To the Planter who's out of a job!

5 He sits in the cool of the evening
On the 'Sea Wall Promenade'
And thinks about pretty Sumintra,
Or the wily Haripersaud.
His thoughts go back to the cane-fields
With a sigh that is almost a sob,
For they quickly return to assure him
He's a Planter—out of a job!

6. A dog with a bad reputation
May be hanged on the nearest tree;
So the case of this wretched pariah
Elicits no sympathy—
I wish that my knowledge was scanter,
Of this luckless, disheartened swab;
But, alas! *I'm* a Journeyman Planter,
And am sometimes out of a job!

THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

By ELLA DINZEY.

" James !"

" Yes ma'am," and he crawled from beneath what was designated the " attama " clothed in a shirt that reached two inches below his waist.

" Ja'n !"

" Ah comin,' ma'am " in tones smothered by the folds of a heavy tweed Jacket that had once been worn by a man at least six feet high and in the depths of Winter.

" Obadiah !"

" Yes Auntie!" as he skipped nimbly from behind the " part-off" and stood at attention.

" Is which ah you t'ree vagabones tek dem yalla plant'in wha bin in de cana yanda las' night ?"

There was profound silence as her eye roamed from one to the other of the delinquents.

" Mista Obadiah, go an' bring five finga she will mek youconfess. You is de head t'ief in dis house an' you ent shame look you age, you is ten 'ears ole w'ile dem two nigga mens is only seven and six, but you wo'se dan dem."

" Ah can' fin' five finga, ma'am."

" You can' fin' she ? Ah gwine gie you somet'ing dis marnin James an' Ja'n, go bring de strap."

Thinking that only Obadiah would be dealt with they presented the instrument of castigation with smiling faces.

" Ja'n tek off dat big coat an' de t'ree of you lie dong 'crass dat attama."

" Three pairs of eyes looked around the room if perchance they might spy some place of egress ; but neither door nor windows had been opened to admit the morning and dispel the noxious emanations of the night, so they were compelled to submit to the chastisement while their screams rent the air.

" A'you go wash you skin now, den cum fo' you ardas."

After taking their soapless baths under the pipe in the yard where not only bodies were washed but clothes, crockery, slop cans, fish, vegetables and everything else, they presented themselves for orders.

" Ja'n, go aneat de bed," wispered the woman, " an gie dat fowl cack dey li'le carn you see pan de table, den clean up whe' it sleep. Ketch de fiah, Obadiah, an' put on de sa'cepan, den go buy de t'ings fo' tea."

As soon as Obadiah got out of earshort, he said, pointing to the room he had just left ; " Betsy Badgers, you is a bad 'oman, you tell Mr. Cook you is we a'nt, an' you ent nut'in to we, you does get mon'y fo' we an' you does spen' it 'pon yo'self b'yin all dem b'ge clat' w'a' ent suit you an mekin' all dem shart fraek like dem fly-be-night gal. You starve de t'ree a we de' 'hole day yestiday an' jes because we did get so hungry dat we was fo'ce to eat dem ole mash up yalla plaint'in you mus' beat we so soon dis marnin' but me good 'oman, ah gwine do a b'isness fo' you ti-day," and he fired two kicks presumably at Betsy Badgers.

" Hi, Obadiah, is who you kickin' so ?" asked a neighbour who was going out of the gate.

Nobady, ma'am, is dis piece ah wood he'e ah stump me foot 'pon," said Obadiah meekly limping as he went. But as soon as he got out of the woman's sight he quickened his speed, dodged around two or three corners, ran up and down a couple of streets until he came to a house of a woman who sold fried fish and " bakes," went into the room, and whispered some words breathlessly into her ear. She nodded comprehendingly, received some cold remains from the day before and vanished, reaching home so quickly that Betsy remarked on the celerity with which he had returned.

" You cum back quick anough dis marnin,' hunt'in like a hat cup ah caffee onexpectin' eh ? "

She then cut a cent loaf of bread into three slices giving each of the orphans one along with a teaspoon full of very black sugar telling them to make their tea.

"You see she caffee how w'ite wid de milk, but nat a drap in we own, ah wish it could choke she," said Obadiah.

" Never min, boy, de ole man say ah mus' bring de basket ah orange peel w'at we dry an' 'e gwine gie me t'ree shillin's fo' it so we will get somet'ing to eat," said little John.

" Orange skin can' done when she fin' we out, den will be ginga tea an' peppa" said James whistling.

" Church!" ejaculated the prophet, we nuse to dat an' be de time she fin' out dat we sell de orange peel de money done lang time."

" Cum now a'you lazy niggas, you got a set ah wo'k fo do to-day. Ah want som' nice mash up herrin' wid coconut an' rice an' don' fo'get a " cut dung," de battle pon de shelf dey" and she handed the money to Odadiah.

" You ent gwine kill de fowl to-day?"

" No, dat is fo' Sund'y wid currie an' rice 'cep hard up ketch me ah will got to sell it."

Obadiah had not gone two minutes and Betsy was still sitting on her door step when a woman, tall and muscular, entered the yard, and going up to Betsy, whose back was turned towards her, she said :

" Ah say Betsy Badgers, ah cum fo' me fowl cock."

" Now to me goodness anybady see me trial strait' strai't alang so ? is which fowl eack you meanin' ?"

,, Ah meanin' de one you gat tie up aneat you bed, go an' bring it or it will be me an' you dis day. Look o'man, don' mek me tempa rise for as sure as me fada

was a Cramantie an' me moda a bajan ah will stap you from tiefin' fowls as lang as you live."

" Ma'am fly from me' wha' ah knows 'bout you an' you fowl cack."

" You refuse to gie me me damnick fowl cack wha' you gat tie up onda you bed dese t'ree days?"

" Yes 'causin' ah ent gat none."

" Is de same t'ing you did say 'bout Miss Green petticoat an' Miss Inglis gole chain ? Is jail you want again ?"

" You betta clare out ah dis ya'd one time else ah will tumble you upside down an' mek you get out quicka dan you cum in," said Betsy.

Now Betsy had a style of doing her hair which was neither the Canadian Bun nor the old fashioned molly, but her coiffure consisted of nothing more or less than four plaits, two on either side behind and two sticking out in front like a cow's horns and these latter were her undoing.

"Yes, ah goin', but not widout me foul cack darlin'," replied the Amazon, attempting to gain entrance to the room by pushing Betsy aside, but Betsy barred the door and dared her to enter. The Amazon, however, was not to be deterred from her purpose, so holding Betsy by the horns she dragged her down the steps. She then held her in a lock that would have been the envy of local wrestlers had they been privileged to see it. Then she butted her until Betsy thought her skull had cracked, she tried to defend herself but her struggles were utterly futile for the tentacles of an Octopus could not have been stronger or more tenacious than the arms of the Amazon. Between each butt she gave her a short lecture on her thieving propensities and her other delinquencies, but, at about the twentieth butt, Betsy slid to the ground in a state of complete collapse. The Amazon then darted into the room dived beneath the bed, grabbed the rooster and brought him forth triumphantly to the delight of Obadiah and the neighbours not one of whom had tried to disentangle Betsy from the iron grip of the Amazon. As she passed the prostrated Betsy she said :

" Tek dat, you ole t'ief you can carry me up, one t'ing Mr. Gilcris' ent 'pon de bench now an' de Cap'en is a gentleman wha' does tu'n t'ings upside dong 'e ent gwine loot at de lickin' ah gie you, but at de fowl wha' you did ketch an' tie up in you house, he is a Magistrate wha' does go by 'e conscience yeh not by law. 'En anoda t'ing 'e can' invite me to 'e " at home " becausen ah ent nuse no dirty language, ha, ha chile, ah was too pa'ticula' in me chice of words ti-day,"

" Tek dis eight cents, Obadiah, an' buy somet'ing fo' a' you to eat 'cause ah know a'you hungry. Nine shillin's a week dis 'oman gettin' from Mr. Cook fo' dese tree boys an' she gat dem like race harse, bare skin an' bone an' as fo' sc'ool, if dey go six days in a mont' dey go plenty, an' is so de tax payas money dribblin' way wha' dem poo' mens gat to wo'k so ha'd fo' dem w'ite pe'ple so happy dey ent know wha' dey doin,' dey might ah did keep on de Orfan Asilum fo' de po' modaless children, but dem santapee ent nough dey want mo. Betsy, do chile, carry me up, ah wan' to gie you a mont' ha'd laba."

With this parting shot to the apparently unconscious Betsy she sallied forth bearing the bird that was lost not forgetting to stop every acquaintance she met to relate the story of its recovery.

Betsy now groaned and a neighbour said " Obadiah, why you don' sprinkle some wata in you a'nt face ? "

Without a moment's delay Obediah took up a bucket of water that was standing by the step and dashed every drop of it in Betsy's face. Half strangled choking and sputtering she jumped to her feet and grabbling Obediah by his throat, she held him against the side of the house and boxed and shook him to her heart's content, then threw him to the ground and kicked him twice, but as she was about to trample him a woman ran and dragged her away.

" You ought to shame to treat dese chilrun so spechully Obadiah, wha' do's wo'k so ha'd fo' you. W'en Car'line did buttin' you brains loose wha' mek you did'n fight fo' you'self but causin' dis poo' boy weak foom sta'vation and filaria, you tekin' de spite 'pon 'e,"

Feeling really the effects of the Amazon's butts and realising that she was unequal to another encounter, Betsy quickly and quietly sought the shelter of her room and prostrating herself upon the floor, she called James to wet her head with lime juice, while she swallowed the " cut down " and ordered Obadiah and John to cook the breakfast.

" Obadiah!" said Betsy at about eleven o'clock that night " jes run 'crass de ya'd an' see wha' hangin' dey 'pon de palin!?"

" Is Miss Cyrus li'le boy trowsis it bin dey dese two days."

You le' it stan' dey so lang, run quick an' bring it it will jes fit J'an"

" Ow, you ent weary t'ief, look how dat ooman mash you up ti-day an' you begin so quick again, we weary wearin' t'iefin' cloe's."

" Boy don' mek fun, you t'ink dem few bitts ah gettin' from Mr. Cook can feed an' clo's a'you ? "Run," she said coaxingly, " all dem sleepin', an, dey gat plenty, dey ent gwine miss it."

Obadiah then took the garment from the paling and handed it to Betsy who immediately got into her bed and a minute later her snores resounded through the range.

Not many days after there was a great hue and cry by the gate and as Betsy was rushing out to see the cause,she met Obadiah coming to tell her that " Jan" fall do'n wid filaria an' fits in New Market Street, and dey bringin' 'e home !

" Sure is one trouble 'pon anoda, is wha' ah gwine do wid a fitsy boy." Then two men brought him in and Betsy and the neighbours placed a spoon in his mouth, swathed his legs in a poultice of cochineal and aloes. Then they boiled wild daisy leaves, sour grass, black and red sage, salt, lime juice and white rum, and as soon as he came out of the fits they poured it down his throat. But there was no improvement.

One woman suggested the inner linings of the gizzards of three black hens dried by the fire, pounded and mixed with spirits as a sure and infallible cure, but of course Betsy had neither the time nor opportunity to procure the fowls so that remedy had to be abandoned.

Another woman advised Betsy to report it at once " to de Sectary as dese orfans was ticklish t'ings fo

deal wid, 'cause is bakkra story" so Obadiah was sent galloping off to the Alms House with something written by a man in the yard.

Towards evening the Doctor arrived and prescribed for John, who lingered two days and then passed away.

"You know is wha' kill poo' J'an," said one woman to another, "is de filaria, every two weeks that boy was dung wid it den wa'kin' bout 'hole day wid de tray ah carn an' petata 'pon 'e he'd in de hat sun.

"But ent a lat ah Dactas did come de odda day raisin' Cain in de "Argosy" an' sayin' dey gwine stap it, but it still gwine on. Dese boys and Betsy always gat it tell dey foots swellin' an' all."

"Me dear, ah don' know ef dey did say dey was gwine stap it altogedda, but w'ite pe'ple is a funny nation. Dey does have a lat ah skemes in dey he'd, but dey do's all vanish 'way like we hopes."

"Walkin' in de hat sun bad enuff but ef dey was gettin' good feedin' dey would ah did go tro a'right," chimed in a third.

"Is a bad 'oman," said another, "she ent minin' dem fo' nuttin' she do's get money fo' dem' but dem wha' Mr. Cook is to gie de affans to 'e do's refuse and jump an' gie dem to dese hag an' goat omans."

After the death of John, Betsy began to feed James and Obadiah better. She increased their bread and tea with a stolen fowl sometimes on Sunday and she even went so far as to make a cake on Obadiah's birthday. But it was so heavy that although the digestive organs of those boys had never had sufficient work to do, so terrific was its weight that James spent a sleepless night owing to pains in his stomach enhanced by some wine she had bought, which was not of the vintage of sunny Spain, but merely boiled log wood thrown into a puncheon that had contained wine with sugar and rum and sold as wine. Betsy's generosity, however, was like the morning cloud and the early dew. She soon went back to blows and short commons especially as the weekly stipend for one boy was no more.

Meanwhile the filaria continued to attack James and Obadiah, but especially the former, upon whom this fell disease seemed to take a stronger hold as his frame became feebler. It was the custom of Betsy to awaken these boys at three or four a.m. to go around the neighbourhood and steal fruit, flowers, stray fowls that had been left out the night before and everything and anything that they could lay their hands upon. It happened one morning that as James had been out ill all night and she could not sleep that she took a stroll as far as the gate and seeing a couple of ducks on the grass, she went in and quietly awakened Obadiah telling him to get some water to make tea for James, but as soon as he began to cut wood she held him by the hand, dragged him out and told him to catch one of the ducks. "It will jes do to cook to-marra fo' poo' James."

"Ah don' wan' fo' t'ief no mo.' De odda night a go in a Chu'ch an' de pa'son say pe'ple mus nat t'ief an' tell lies."

"Hush you mout' boy, ef you don' t'ief is how poo' pe'ple like we mus' live in dis worl'. Go lang an' ketch de duck at once," and she gave him a sounding box on the ear. Thus persuaded, he caught the duck and handed it to her and disappeared as he had seen a policeman looming in the distance. Betsy had come prepared with a piece of string to tie the duck's feet with, but Nemesis was on her track. Just as she was preparing to sneak into the yard a heavy hand gripped the back of her neck and the policeman enquired of her what she was doing with the duck with its feet tied and why she tried to cover it when she saw him. Her answers were pretty plausble, but he ran her in all the same. She got the case postponed to bring the woman she had bought the duck from. Then she said Obadiah had given it to her, but they both declared they knew nothing of the duck story and the upshot of it was that even a Coghlan had to admit that she was guilty and send her into retirement for one month at Christmas with hard labour.

On Christmas Eve, Nicky, Betsy's friend, who paid her rent, came down from Kurupung. When he hear she was in prison he seemed relieved and immediately gave both her and the room up, and sought fresh fields and pastures new, for Nicky's affections were of the versatile order. On the same afternoon James was taken from this grey old world to a bright home above, where little children are never hungry or sick or sad, Obadiah being the only mourner.

When Betsy left the prison whether it was the desertion of Nicky or the loss of the boys and their allowance, it would be hard to tell, but she was taken to Hospital with a severe attack of filaria to which she succumbed in a very short time.

Obadiah had sought refuge with the Amazon but notwithstanding fried fish and bakes in galore he was not satisfied with his surroundings, so he went to a lady he had sometimes done odd jobs for, told her his story and asked her to take him, which she did without hesitation. With pure environment, wholesome food and kind treatment the latent good that was in him soon began to develop. He was sent to school where he applied himself assiduously to his studies. Later he became an engineer, and in process of time he became a respectable citizen and a credit to his race.

A SUNSET.

(SEEN AT MORAWHANNA.)

Between trees flecked with amber,
A golden river flows,
Each rippleis a silver—
Fish scale tipped with rose.
The sky—a saffron yellow—is
Slashed with wounds of red,
And clouds of tinted chiffon,
Drift slowly overhead.
A moment—all is different,
The smallest detail changes,
As nature—lightning Artist,
Her colours re-arranges.

The sky is turned to crimson,
The river blood-red runs,
The clouds that then were purple,
Now glow like triple suns.
A sudden flare of scarlet
Shoots upward in a vein,
Then slowly spreads out sideways,
Like to a peacock's train.
A moment—all is over,
The flaming pageant dies
And night like bat-like swiftness,
Sweeps down across the skies.

PETER PAN.

BIRD, BEAST AND REPTILE ON THE CATTLE TRAIL.

A TRIP ON THE RUPUNUNI TRAIL.

By G. H. SMELLIE.

BEFORE arriving at Takama to start his 300-mile journey over the Rupununi Cattle Trail, the observant traveller will already have noticed on the banks of the Berbice River a creature which, by its dual nature and the strange survival of its reptilian past, is probably more wonderful than anything he will meet with on the whole course of his journey. This is the famous Canje Pheasant. But we must leave him to the savants and pass on, for we have a long way to go.

The Wiruni and Yawakuri savannahs abound with Quail and these plump little birds make very good eating. Do not confuse the Ground Dove with them. Its flight is silent but there is no mistaking the whir-r of wings when a covey of Quail rises. Snipe are found round the ponds, prettily marked in black and white with a typical fish-eater's bill and a swerving flight. A most interesting bird to be seen round here is the Bunyah or mocking-bird. He has a delightful note with a liquid gurgle in it which is most attractive. In company with several of his own kind, he builds a long pendulous nest, and perhaps a dozen of these may be seen on the same tree, swaying backwards and forwards in the wind. He has curious little spurs in his legs and his dominant colour is yellow.

The Troupial is a beautiful songster and his deep orange and black plumage is as charming as his voice. This bird does not appear to mind captivity and is often seen in cages in Georgetown. A strange note belongs to a little bird of the Lark tribe which keeps always to the open savannah. He makes a noise exactly like the ricochet of a bullet against a stone. Brown Hawks, large birds with black tail feathers, flap lazily around and now and again the harsh cry of the Hannequoi is heard from some bush island.

After leaving the savannah and taking to the bush trail, one enters a new world, into the terrifying stillness of the forest. Here in the brooding bush, the cries of the birds are accentuated and the shrill "pipiyo" of the Greenheart Bird sounds like the crack of a whip. He is generally answered by his mate from the other side of the path, and the result is that one progresses at times to an accompaniment of whip lashes, varied by the plaintive request of a bird who repeats without ceasing "Killy-billy! Killy-billy!" Flocks of Carrion Crows collect on the tree-tops and raise their raucous voices as a warning of your approach. Far different to these is the solemn note of the Campanero or bell-bird which, albeit slightly monotonous, has a certain weird beauty when heard in these cathedral-like surroundings. Here too is the home of the Toucan or bill-bird, whose beak and neck are so constructed that in order to get his sustenance, he must first pick the berries of which he is very fond, then throw them into the air and finally catch them in his gullet.

NIGHT CALLS.

At night the plaintive whistle of the Maam, the deep note of the Hootoo and the howling of the Baboons intimate that you are by no means the only creature awake. Some night if you are fortunate, you will hear a melancholy call like the wailing of a lost soul "Ah, poor poor me! Ah, poor poor me!" starting high and descending the scale in thirds. This is one of the Goat Sucker tribe whom you will know by his silent flitting among the cattle at eventide. It is commonly thought that it robs them of their milk, but this theory is untrue. Another variety of this family is known as the Whip-Poor-Will, and yet another is the English Night Jar.

Species of bush fowl are the Maroudi, the Waracabra and the Powis. The last-named is especially good eating and is much hunted on this account. The Indians reproduce its peculiar grunt with remarkable fidelity in order to induce it to show its head. All three birds can be tamed but the Powis is of a treacherous nature and will bite. The Waracabra soon becomes king of the farmyard but he loves nothing better than to have his head tapped lightly with your knuckles, and for this purpose he will run busily backwards and forwards across your path.

Marmosets and the little Quata monkeys make nice pets, and are not hard to obtain. The Sunbird is a very lovely creature with brown and gold feathers, and another bird which attracted our attention had a breast of snowy white with a dab of bright pink near the throat. "What do you call him?" we asked our Indian. "Shrimp Eater, sir." "So are we," we replied, "when we can get them."

There are some beautiful Moths and Butterflies in the bush, some with vivid bars of magenta slashed across their velvet black wings, others radiant with a

glorious torquoise sheen. All kinds of Bugs, however, are rampant, from bush Ticks to Chigoes, which require a pin to be extracted.

The Essequebo and Rupununi rivers offer a rich field to the sportsman and the naturalist. Most excellent fishing can be obtained with a rod and line using a spoon bait or something similar to attract the fish. The Lukunani whose sides are a glorious golden coloured dappled with large brown spots, the red-eyed Perai whose bite is known and feared everywhere, the Baiara with a set of teeth about as formidable, and the Haimara—all will fall victims to this inexpensive tackle, and with the possible exception of the Perai, are very good to eat. The Arapaima requires stouter tackle. He is an enormous fellow and in the quiet night you can hear him leap from the water and fall back flat on its surface with a noise like a bursting bomb. One should be careful, when wading barefoot in the shallows, of the dreaded Sting Ray, a flat round fish whose touch is often deadly.

The commonest bird on the river is the Kingfisher. As a rule he is blue in colour with a white bar near the eye and reddish brown under the wings, and though beautiful cannot compare with his dazzling European cousin. The white Anurra which is our English Heron and the common yellow beaked Gull are often met with. The Tiger Bird with striped blue and yellow plumage, is seldom seen. Muscovy Duck, Wisissi, and the long billed Ducbler are good game. A curious bird called the Tara has a black body with red neck and head and gets its name from the trumpet-like call of "Tara!" that it utters as it lords its way up and down the river. Towards evening it is an unfailing source of pleasure to see the Parrots and Macaws generally in pairs and the latter with their talls stretched stifly out behind, flying back to their homes and chattering as they go. The Sandpiper with a black and white body, red legs and a head most delicately marked, together with the Martin, are to be found on sandbanks in the river. Here too can be seen the Armadillo "a-dillowing in his armour," and the Water Turtle who lay their eggs by the thousand in the warm sand. Both the eggs and the flesh of the Turtle are good eating. The Alligator and the dreaded Cayman sun themselves here, and once a little Accouri popped out, much to the surprise of our Indian bowman who fired an arrow at it and missed. Springing ashore he seized both the arrow and the Acouri which seemed petrified, but having failed to kill his meat, as it were in the heat of the chase, he soon let the poor frightened little rat-like creature go. A fairly common river animal is the Water-Dog which is the English Otter.

Round the savannah ponds we find flocks of Cranes and Aigrets with their beautiful snowy plumage, and a wonderful sight it is to see them rise in a white cloud on being disturbed from their feeding. This is the haunt, too, of the Negrocop, a bird with a large white body and black head. Many birds are found both on the rivers and the savannahs which are common on the coastlands and do not merit special description. Among them are the Ciskadee, Gawling, Mudraker, Spurwing, and Old Witch.

The trick of simulating a broken wing, described by Kipling in his "Jungle Book," seemed to be known to most savannah birds and we saw both the Spurwinged Plover and the Guadaparot play this game, and attempt to entice us from their nests. The former is a pretty brown and white bird with crested head. Their home is the savannah, but they will often be seen standing for hours on the water's edge apparently meditating. Worthy of note is the Scissorstail, whose graceful and darting flight is due to the peculiarity of his divided tail. The Brown Owl is a small retiring creature who nests in the ground and preys upon the small birds with his curved beak. Another bird who shuns the light is the well-known Vampire Bat. Although we did not see one, we were often able to observe his handiwork when we took our horses in the morning.

Occasionally in the savannah one meets with the Ant Beer and then it is well worth your while to have a good look at this interesting object. He has a long snout like a hose pipe and a big bushy tail and curved forepaws, which bow outwards as he runs, and gives him a slow and shambling gait. He looks almost grotesque as he shuffles in and out of the enormous weird-shaped ant-heaps whose inhabitants he devours by the thousand with his sticky tongue.

The Deer and the Tiger are the only two other animals of any size to be seen on the savannah, while of the rivers the Cayman is undisputed monarch. With his blunt head, shiny great body, tough scales and repulsive odour, he is without doubt a terrible object. One was shot through the neck and head by a .44 bullet which makes no mistake if it hits its mark. There was no doubt about it, the Cayman was dead. It turned upon its back, showing the white of its belly, and the stream commenced to bear it gently away. A corial was sent out with two Indians, who making fast a noose round its neck, dragged it to land. Its head was then completely severed from its body and its teeth extracted, for these are worn as very potent charms against the "Kanaima" or evil spirit. Two minutes later, a small Indian boy, wishing to try his skill, shot an arrow into its body. The reptile's tail at once commenced to lash the water into foam, and the boy in attempting to withdraw the arrow, was almost knocked down. The party, unwilling to spend the night in close proximity to a creature whose hold on life was obviously so tenacious, ordered the Indians to drag him back into mid-stream. This was done and the rope freed from the carcase. The writer distinctly saw the Cayman swim a couple of strokes before turning on his back and floating finally away into the mists of the evening.

ON THE FENCE.

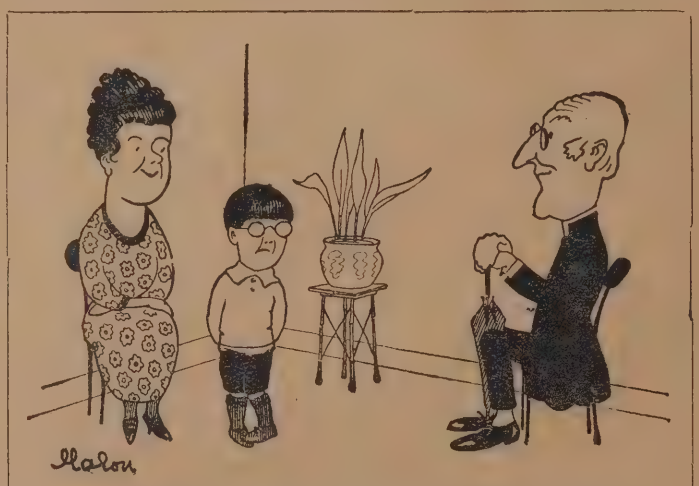
I might be contented without you,
But I like your touch and your kiss
And this—
This way that you have about you.
You aren't all essential to pleasure,
But the time runs away when you're near.
I fear—
There is something about you to treasure.
Since you love me I feel so secure,
But to marry I don't think I will:
Yet still—
You might ask again to make sure!

A DOLLAR FOR RUM.

By A. E. MAXWELL.

THIS is not a real newspaper story. You see too many of those things in the magazines and I know too much of newspapers to commit myself to any atrocities of that sort. So you need not expect to find here any lynx-eyed editors or prodigy junior reporters or scoops or anything of that kind. But I must risk your impatience by setting the first scene in the reporters' room of the "Daily Wire," Demerara's chief newspaper.

I was, unfortunately, only a free-lance on the "Wire" and hoping to be put on the staff. I wandered around Georgetown—Water Street; the stellings, and the rumshops—hoping to run up against some 'story' that might bring me in a couple of dollars. My income, accordingly, was not regular.



Proud Mamma: "Yes, he's learning French, and Algebra. Tell Mr. Maniple the Algebra for 'Good Morning,' Harold. dear!"

(*Reproduced from London Opinion*)

One day Jackson came in and leant over my desk. Jackson was a printer in some department or another. His hands were liberally bedaubed with printers' ink and, though he was about twenty-five, he looked forty. He was unhealthy and miserable and fawning, and a systematic borrower of anything from a shilling to a dollar. He knew the extent of his credit as well as a bank knew the value of its collateral. He held one hand with the other to keep both shaking. Rum.

This day I had coaxed five dollars from the Editor on the strength of a series of articles that I was writing. So if I was not feeling exactly that all was well with the world, I recognised that me and Fortune were not altogether at daggers drawn. I was beginning to write with zest the story of a pork-knocker who had found an 18-carat stone and who had been relieved of it at one of the temples of joy in Tiger Bay.

"Well, Jackson," says I, looking up rather impatiently, "what's your trouble?" He was looking to-day more cringing and haggard and downtrodden than I had ever seen him.

"Lend me a dollar, will you?" asks Jackson in a tremulous voice, his eyes fawning like those of a dog. "Can you do it?"

"I can," says I, "one dollar and four besides. I have just had a devil of a job to screw them out of the boss. But—I need them, oh, how I need them to meet a liability that needs exactly five dollars."

I was as emphatic as I could be because I had an inward feeling that I was about to loose one of those five dollars.

Jackson changed his course. "I don't want it for myself," he said, and I heaved a sigh almost of relief. "I wanted to put you on to a good story. It's a splendid one and you could make a couple of columns of it. It's a peach if you work it up right. It probably cost you a dollar or two to get the stuff. I don't want anything out of it myself,'

My nose for news was titillated "What is the story?" I asked with an air of deprecation.

"Let me tell you," said Jackson. "It's a girl. She's a beauty. All what the poets write and then some. She's lived at B——, on the East Coast, for twenty years and never saw Georgetown before. I tell you she's that pretty she's got all the soap and hosiery ads, beat a mile. She stopped me in Hincks Street and asked me where she could find George Brown. Asked me where she could find *George Brown in Georgetown*! Can you beat that?

"I talked to her and found she's going to marry a fellow named Augustus Algernon Bates next week. But it seems that George Brown is still the blue-eyed boy of her young dreams. George left B—— some years ago and came to Georgetown to make his fortune. He forgot to return to B——, or to write, and Augustus Algernon gets the reversion on the girl. But when the time for the wedding bells gets near Mary—that's her name, Mary Manning—suddenly gets on the morning train to the City. Looking for George, you know—you understand what women are—George wasn't there, as far as she could see, so she thought of asking the passers-by.

"Well you know, I couldn't leave her loose like that, could I? She's that innocent and beautiful that things might have happened. But you ought to see her. What could I do? I forget what money looks like between pay-days. And she'd spent her last cent of pocket money on her railway fare except sixpence which she squandered on sweets. She was eating them out of a bag. So I took to Mother Murray's boarding-house in Regent Street and she can't leave before she pays up her dollar for the day. I'll show you the house."

"But," said I, "where's the story? Girls come to town from the East Coast every day."

"Can't you see" he said, "what a rattling fine story it would make? You could do it fine. All about the romance—describe the beautiful girl, all alone and innocent. Put a lot of stuff in about true love and sling a few sticksful of the funny business - kid the people of B—— about being so green, and, well, you know how to do it. You ought to get fifteen dollars out of it anyhow. And it'll only cost you about four dollars. That's a clear profit of eleven.

"How will it cost me four dollars? I inquired suspiciously.

"One dollar to Mrs. Murray," Jackson answered promptly, "and two to get the girl back home."

"Yes. And ——" says I, making a rapid mental calculation.

"And one dollar to me," said Jackson, "for rum. Is it a deal?"

I was about to continue my work, but this man would not be shaken off. His forehead suddenly became shiningly moist.

"Can't you see," he said desperately, "that this girl has to be sent home to-day—not to-night, or to-morrow, but to-day. I can't do anything for her. But I thought you could make a story of it and get some money on general results. But, anyhow, don't you see she's got to get home before night?"

I began to experience that burdensome feeling known as the sense of duty. I also felt that I was doomed that day to give up the bulk of my store of hard earned coin to this Mary Manning. But I swore to myself that Jackson's rum dollar would not be forthcoming. He might play the cavalier at my expense, but he would indulge in no liquor afterwards to celebrate my weakness and gullibility. In a kind of chilly anger I put on my hat.

Jackson, submissive, cringing, vainly endeavouring to please, conducted me to the establishment of Mother Murray. At the end of the gallery sat a girl weeping and sucking sweets. She was a flawless beauty. Crying had only made her eyes brighter. When she crunched a gum-drop you only thought of the poetry of motion and envied the senseless confection. I was introduced, and the gum-drop suffered some small neglect while she conveyed to me a naive interest.

Jackson stood there as if he were the master of ceremonies and I felt that it was rather a pity that I had been introduced as his friend in the presence of so much beauty in distress. He said I was a reporter and therefore knew best what to do.

"Why-er, Miss Manning," I began, secretly enraged at Jackson's awkward opening, "I am at your service, of course, but-er-as I haven't been apprised of the circumstances of the case, I-er."

"Oh," said Miss Manning, beaming on me for a moment," it isn't as bad as that—there aren't any circumstances. It's the first time I have ever been in Georgetown and I had no idea it was such a big place. And I met Mr. Jackson on the street and asked him about a friend of mine, and he brought me here and asked me to wait."

"I advise you, Miss Manning," said Jackson," to tell Mr. Bulford all. He's a friend of mine and he'll put you right."

"Certainly," said Miss Mary, chewing a gum-drop towards me. "There isn't much to tell except that—well, everything's fixed for me to marry Augustus Bates next Thursday. Gus has got a nice piece of land and a store. But this morning I cleared over to the station and took the train to town. I told'em at home that I was going to spend the day with Susan Adams. That was a story, but I don't care. I came here and I met Mr. Jackson and I asked if he knew where I could find G-G-George."

"Now, Miss Manning," broke in Jackson, "you like this young man, Augustus, don't you? He's all right and he'd be good to you wouldn't he?"

"Of course I like him," said Miss Manning emphatically. "Gus is all right and of course he'd be good to me. So is everybody."

I could have sworn it myself. Throughout Miss Mary Manning's life all men would be good to her. They would strive, struggle, and compete to hold her umbrella over her hat in the rain, carry her parcels, or buy her sweets.

"But," went on Miss Manning, "last night I started thinking about G—George and I———"

Down went the beautiful head into her hands. Unrestrainedly she sobbed. I wished I could have comforted her. But I was not George. And I was glad I was not Augustus—and yet I was sorry too.

By and by she straightened up, brave and half smiling.

"I suppose I'm a terrible fool," she said between her little gulps and sighs, "but I can't help it. G-George Brown and I were sweethearts since he was eight and I was five. When he was nineteen he left B—and went to Georgetown. He said he was going to be a policeman or a merchant or something. And then he was coming back for me. But I never heard from him any more. And I—I—liked him."

Another flow of tears seemed imminent but Jackson dammed it. "Go on, Mr. Bulford, tell the lady what she's to do."

I coughed and tried to feel less wrathful towards Jackson. I saw my duty. Cunningly I had been inveighled, but I was securely trapped. Tripp's first dictum to me had been just and correct. The young lady must be sent back to B—that day. I hated Augustus and despised George, but duty must be done.

"Miss Manning," I said, as impressively as I could, "life is a queer proposition, after all. It does not always do to let the heart govern the head. Most of us have our unrealised romances. But life is full of realities. May I ask, Miss Manning, if you think you could pass a happy—that is, a contented and harmonious life with Mr. -er- Bates if in other ways than romantic recollections he seems to —er— fill the bill, as I might say?"

"Oh, Gus is all right," answered Miss Manning. "I could get along with him fine. He's promised to get me a motor car. But, somehow, when it got so close to the time I was to marry him, I couldn't help wishing—well, just thinking about George. Something must have happened to him or he'd have written. On the day he left he and me got a hammer and a chisel and cut a penny into two pieces. I took one piece, and he took the other, and we promised to be true to each other and always keep the pieces till we saw each other again. I've got mine at home now in a ring-box in the top drawer of my dresser. I suppose I was silly to come here looking for him. I never realised what a big place it is."

And then Jackson joined in with a little grating laugh, still trying to drag in a little story or drama to earn the miserable dollar that he craved.

"Oh, the boys from the country forget a lot when they come to town and learn something. I guess George has gone wrong, or got roped in by some other girl, or maybe gone to the dogs on account of rum. You take Mr. Bulford's advice and go back home and you'll be all right."

The time had come for action and I persuaded Miss Manning of the importance of returning at once. The three of us went to the station and there I bought her ticket. The train pulled out.

The spell wrought by beauty and romance was dwindling. I looked at Jackson and almost sneered. He looked more careworn, contemptible, and disreputable than ever. I fingered the few shillings that were now left to me.

"Can't you get a story out of it?" he asked huskily. "Some sort of story, even if you have to fake half of it.

"Not a line," said I. "I can fancy the look on the old man's face if I tried to put over any slush like that. But we've helped the lady out and that'll have to be our reward."

"I'm sorry," said Jackson almost inaudibly, "I'm sorry you're out of pocket. But I thought you would get a good yarn—the sort of thing that you could write up very well."

"Let's try to forget it," said I, as cheerfully as I could, "and get back to the office."

I steeled myself against his palpable but unexpressed desire. He should not coax, cajole, or wring from me the dollar he craved. I had had enough of that wildgoose chase.

Jackson brought forth what had once been a handkerchief. As he was replacing it I noticed a cheap silver-plated watch chain attached to his pocket. Something dangling from it caused me to stretch forth my hand and seize it curiously. It was the half of a penny that had been cut in halves with a chisel.

"What!" I said, looking at him keenly.

"Oh, yes!" he responded dully. "George Brown, alias Jackson. What's the use?

Barring temperance associations, I'd like to know if anybody disapproves of my having produced promptly from my pocket Jackson's rum dollar and unhesitatingly laying it in his hand.

LOOKING AHEAD.

A somewhat impecunious young man rashly engaged himself to a charming young thing, who, shortly afrer the excitement had subsided, began to evince doubts. Said she:

"How long, dearie, do you think we shall have to be engaged?

"Well, sweetheart," said the young man cheerily, "I have enough money to last for six months, I think."

CONCERNING CHRISTMAS.

By "ARTEMAS."

THE day of days and the night of nights; the time for feasting and *the season* when the heart waxeth merry.

2. When the spirit of youth is exalted and the noise of revelry is heard *throughout* all the land. The old man sheddeth his years and becometh as a boy; and the mother of seven, she disporteth herself *about* with gladness; being like unto a young kid that skippeth upon the hillside.

3. Now all *the people* are divided into two parts; whereof the one part, it comprehendeth them that give, and the other part it comprehendeth them that do receive.

4. And in the eleventh month of the year and on the thirtieth day of the month, the rich *men* of the land make count of their shekels for to be ready against the time.

5. And *those* that are of lowly estate, they prepare them pleasant countenances, and they forbear from that day forward, from the rude answer and the surly look.

MAGISTRATE: "What have you to say for yourself?"
DEFENDANT; "Bad company, sir."
MAGISTRATE: "What do you mean by that?
DEFENDANT? "Well, you see, there was five of us to one whisky bottle, and the other four were teetotallers."
(*Reproduced from "London Opinion."*)

6. Yea, the servants in the eating houses, and the scribe that writeth *with* his pen, the messengers that carry the epistles, and the charioteers that drive *about* the highways of the city, they all cast off their froward ways.

7. And they lie in wait for the rich man, *seeking* to devour him. And they greet him with a soft tongue, and they bow them low before him.

Moreover, they shower blessings upon his head; as the measure of *the depth* of his pocket, so bless they him accordingly.

8. But woe be unto the man that untieth not the strings *of* his purse to their words, for assuredly they will look upon him with very black *looks*, and from the fullness of their hearts, they will curse him utterly.

9. Now there was a *certain* man, being the father of a family; and the number of his children, it was three. And the youngest of them, she was born two years; and the eldest of them, he was a boy, being six years old and sixty days.

10. Now their father, he did tell *them* many tales concerning Santa Claus; concerning the length of his beard *and* connerning the whiteness thereof; concerning his chariot that is drawn of reindeer and concerning many other *things* beside.

11. Wherefore it came to pass, when the eve of Christmas was come, and his children were retired *unto* their bed-chamber, that they kept them watch against the time when the old man, he should come upon them *down* the chimney.

12. And he that was of six years old and sixty days, he did bind an hempen cord unto their bedstead *that was* of iron; and the other end of the hempen cord, he did fasten it low down unto the wall of the room *at a place* near by the door, saying unto himself, Lest all of us grow weary unto sleep.

13. And after that he made it *ready*, then gat they all to bed to keep them watch. And tiredness lulled these little ones to slumber.

14. And night spread the comfort of her wings over all the household, and there was a great silence around. Yea, not even *the noise* of the beating of a bat's wing disturbed the stillness round about.

15. And when the father of the family observed how it was, that *there* was silence, he arose from the couch whereon he lay, and he gathered together a multitude of gifts, being of divers kinds *and* artfully contrived.

16. And his countenance shone pleasantly in the dark *of the* night, for he foresaw that there would be great rejoicings amongst his little ones when their eyes perceived the wondrous *things* he had brought for their delight.

17. And he laughed in the depths of his beard, being tickled of the things that he had told concerning *the coming* of Santa Claus that did live in the cold north.

18. And he walked with hushed and stealthy footsteps unto that room wherein his offspring *were*; neither made he any manner of sound when he lifted *up* the latch of the door.

19. And he stood upon the threshold of the room. Yea, he halted craftily about *the entrance* of the door lest one perchance did yet remain alert. And after he had waited for a space, he knew it *by* their breathing, that they slept.

20. And he rejoiced within his heart that *it was* so, that his innocent young children, they did lie there deep in sleep. And when he had rejoiced within his heart, he passed *beyond* the threshold of the door.

21. And, straightway as he entered in, he came upon the hempen cord in the place where *it was*, being that hempen cord concerning which his eldest son had said, Lest all of us grow weary unto sleep.

22. Yea, with the left foot, and with the third toe of the foot, he came *upon it* suddenly. And the pleasant light of his countenance, it was shattered *by* an oaken seat that happened in his way.

23. Moreover, his arms that were full up *of* gifts, they opened wide, and a great noise arose of breaking and of rending.

24. And the silence of that room, *it was* broken by the sound of falling trumpets, and by the clattering of warriors of tin, and by the crash of breaking glass. There was water, *also*, in abundance, and here and there the flapping of a *few* small fish.

25. And he lifted up his voice, *and* he swore; yea, he spake new words and terrible, concerning *the matter* of the hempen cord and concerning his toe (which was the third toe *upon* his left foot) and concerning the utter damnation of everything on earth.

26. And it came to pass that his children *awoke* from their slumber; yea, from the dreams that they were dreaming, they did find themselves awake.

27. And they looked upon their father on the floor where he was; and behold, *they saw* him; and the trumpets and the warriors of tin; and the divers gifts ordained for their delight, these also *saw they* round their fallen sire.

28. And when their father perceived *they were* awake; then got he on his feet and he stood before them, naked a little, *and* very much ashamed, fnr he remembered suddenly all those things that he had told them *concerning* Santa Claus, his reindeer and his beard.

29. Neither spake he any word, but he departed out *from* that room bowed down unto the dust; for his spirit, it was broken, because his children knew him now for *what* he was, a perjured soul and one that took the name of Santa Claas in vain.

30. A messenger draweth nigh with Christmas greetings. He carrieth a knapsack upon his back and it floweth *over* with the multitude of its good wishes.

31. Now the last born child, she *espieth* his approach from afar off, and she goeth forth for to meet him by the way, *before* he cometh up. And she taketh in haste from his hands all *those* epistles which do appertain unto that family; and, afterwards she repaireth to a quiet place for to read the words of such of them *as be* not sealed.

32. And her sisters, they perceive her, what *she does*, and they straightway follow after her; and her brothers, also, set out in pursuit of the child.

33. And they fall upon her *of a* sudden in the place whither she has repaired and they contend with her very vigorously for to take the *missives* from her. And the hand of one is against the hand of the others, so that there is no concord whatsoever *between* any of them.

34. Wherefore there ariseth a great noise *as* of tumult, and there is much weeping and wailing. *Moreover*, there is a little biting with the teeth and, with the nails, a little scratching of the skin.

35. Yea, all are despitefully used, for he that getteth it *hardly* in the neck, he returneth it likewise, and more so. And the sister kicketh her brother *with* her foot, and her brother seizeth hold upon her hair and, with the strength of both his hands, he pulleth *it* this way and that. And the noise of her cries is heard throughout all that habitation.

36. And when her mother heareth it, she pricketh up her ears *at* the sound. And she summoneth her husband to her side in haste, and she commandeth him that he shall forthwith go down *amongst* them aud shall make inquiry concerning *the matter* of the noise.

37. And their father goeth down *according* to his wife's behest. And he cometh upon them at a time of high fray, at a time when the turmoil hath waxed very fierce.

38. And he speaketh unto them in a voice of thunder, and he putteth *the wind* up them all; like a roaring lion of the forest, he scattereth *his* young ones asunder.

39. And, *aferwards*, he taketh the epistles away and he repaireth unto the privacy of his chamber for to read the words of such of them *as be* not sealed. Yea, even as his little one designed, so now doeth he that lately told her, Nay!

40. Now when the sun hath sunk to rest, the people make them *ready* for the feast, and for the time of merriment that cometh with the night.

41. And the young men murmur amongst themselves because *that* they must garb themselves in festive raiment; but the damsels don them glad rags with a light heart *and* a very zealous spirit.

42. And they sit them down *before* the mirror and they look upon themselves for a long time in the glass. There countenances, they make them white with chalk; and, with a *little* red, they paint their lips and faces.

43. And the hair upon their heads, they do dress it in a multitude *of* ways; and they clothe their bodies in sundry garments, each in its turn, and in divers colours also. And they make them choice accordingly, *seeking* a lure to bring the laggard swain to heel.

44. And their mothers, they aid and abet them, for they know full well, that *it is* the season of all the year when young men are lacking most in prudence. And as the fowler setteth his snare, so set they *out* their daughters in their raiment.

45. Yea, an hour, *and* an hour, *and* an hour do they pass in secret preparation for the fray; and when the appointed time is come, it findeth them yet unready *to be* seen.

46. Now when the seventh hour *hath* sounded, there cometh a multitnde of guests unto the house, being young men and maidens light of the heart and eager to laugh and make merry.

47. And they contain themselves in patience until the feast is spread, and when *it is* ready, they do sit them down, each in the place appointed unto him and they begin to eat. And there is an abundance of meat and of choice viands before them, *and* of rare and luscious fruits. And they regale themselves exceedingly.

48. Wherefore it cometh to pass that certain of the young men, having a kindness *towards* their stomachs, do covertly unloosen a button. But the damsels unloosen nought, nor eat they less *than* those.

49. And when the young men had partaken of whatsoever they can, and when the damsels have eaten of all those *things* that they dare (and when they have *also* sipped of a little wine), they rest for a space in their seats, weighed *down* by the fullness that is in them.

50. And after a little while is gone by, they depart *out of* that room, and they go to make them music. Yea, upon the dulcimer and upon the lyre, upon the harp and upou the lute, and upon other stringed instruments of divers *kinds*, they do make them wondrous music.

51. And the sound of all their noises, *it is* wonderful and weird, so that no man shall judge between them, of them all, which one, *it is* the worst abomination.

52. But when the hostess perceiveth that her guests grow restive and that *the time* draweth nigh when they will no longer stick *it*, she stifleth the music very quickly, and she putteth them to the playing of games.

53. And the games that they play are of two kinds *and* suitable unto the day. And the manner of play of the one kind is *so* that a young man, he kisseth a damsel; and the manner of play of the other kind is *so* that a damsel, she kisseth a swain.

54. Yea, in every kind of Christmas game is there kissing, and whosoever kisseth most *and* longest, he is adjudged the winner *of* their play.

55. Now after that they have made *an end* of their games of kissing they forsake them for kissing in secret. And every man chooseth the damsel *of* his choice and he beseecheth her to steal away with him unto a quiet spot, the whereabouts of which he *early* spotted out.

56. And the damsel, she maketh pretence to *say* Nay. Also she casteth her eyes on the ground and contriveth to blush to her cheek. And when she hath made an end of hesitating she goeth out with the young man unto the quiet spot, the whereabouts of which he *early* spotted out.

57. And some do sit *upon* the stairs, and some adventure out *into* the garden; some do hide them *in* the topmost attics of the house, and some do hie them down *unto* the utmost depths of the cellars. For all do pine to be together and alone, each only *with* the other, in a place where *there is* no one else beside.

58. Wherefore it cometh to pass that they sit in couples, side by side, at every step and every turning. And whosoever passeth from the top of that house unto the bottom, he stumbleth upon *them* time and time again.

59. Now there was a certain young man that was a young man of substance, being very rich and the only son of *his* father. And he fastened his eye on a damsel.

60. And the damsel was a comely maid, very *pleasing* for to look upon, and gracious withal in her mien. And her countenance was as the beauty of the bloom *of the* pomegranate tree at the season when it flowereth at the full.

61. Moreover, her eyes were brown and *there were* curls in the hair of her head, so that his hand was continually uneasy for *to be* amongst them.

62. And when the day of Christmas drew nigh, he resolved that he would ease his hand or die, for he perceived that it was a *time* suitable unto his purpose.

63. So he hied him forth unto the market place and he gat him a little mistletoe, being a small *piece* of but three berries. And he fastened it upon his coat with a pin, saying unto himself, When the proper time be come, *may* be I shall have a use for it.

64. And when the pall of night was spread, he betook himself unto the habitation wherein the damsel lived, and he knocked upon the door of *it*. And the servant answered him, and she bade him enter.

65. And being a clever young man and artful, he straightway repaired to her mother *for* to greet her. And, afterwards, he sought out the damsel *where* she was, amongst all the revellers that were there.

66. And he hung about in a place adjacent and he waited until the feasting, it was *at* its height; until her mother, she was looking the *other* way.

67. And when he perceived her mother's back, that it was *towards* them, he approached unto the damsel and he prevailed over her so that she did go with him. And they stole secretly *away* unto a quiet place.

68. And they sat themselves down on a seat *that* was hid in a place where palms grew; and the glow *of* coloured lamps cast a gentle light around them.

69. And he spake unto her concerning the brightness of *her* eyes, and concerning the smallness of *her* mouth, and concerning the whiteness of *her* teeth, and concerning the redness of *her* lips, and of the pomegranate tree at the season when it flowerth at the full.

70. And, afterwards, he spake *also* concerning the curls in the hair of her head. And he told her about his hand, that it was continually uneasy for *to be* amongst them.

71. And she listened wonderingly to the words of his mouth, that were subtle words and artful for well he knew the *way* to tell the tale.

72. Wherefore it came to pass *after* a time that she suffered him that he should smooth the hair of her head. Yea, with his right hand and with his left hand, *he did* smooth her wayward locks.

73. And the maiden fluttered her eyelids and inclined herself *over* towards him, so that they rubbed their shoulders side by side, and a *thrill* of understanding, it did pass itself between them.

74. And the ardour of the young man grew apace, for he perceived the signs, that she was become as clay *in the hands* of the potter. And he was filled with the might of his manhood, and he blew *out* his chest in his pride.

75. And he took from his coat the *piece* of mistletoe that he had gat him in readiness, being a small *piece* of mistletoe of but three berries. And he held it above her on high, and he kissed her *with* a kiss upon the mouth.

76. Now it chanced that the mother of the damsel, who was lying in wait for *the time*, she happened in a place near by. And when she saw it, that he kissed the damsel *a kiss* upon the mouth, she straightway came forth from her ambush and she fell upon them twain in the forty-seventh second *of the* first minute of the kiss.

77. And she made a noise like a torrent that rageth over stones, and she snorted aloud *through* her nose. Moreover, she questioned him closely concerning his intentions, whether they were honourable; or whether, perchance, he was *merely* thes on of a dog.

78. And the young man, he grew sore afraid, for the look in her eye was a terrible *look*, and the line of her mouth it was stern, and he feared for to vex her the more.

79. So he spake unto her in soft words, seeking for to turn her wrath away. And he said *unto her*, Nay, say not so that I am the son of a dog for, verily, I am a worthy youth and my intentions are both honourable *and* good.

80. Wherefore the damsel had him; and *the rest* of that man's days were filled with vain regret.

One day a young man asked a friend
If he would him a lantern lend;
In words importing
That he that evening did intend
To go acourting.
His friend replied, Your wits have fled;
When I went wooing 'fore I wed
No lamp I carried."
"I know—I've seen," the young man said,
"The girl you married!"

A TALE LOSES NOT IN THE TELLING.

By IRIS M. HOLDER.

From Miss Emma Rutter,
To Miss Clara Butterworth.

"Harwood House,"
Mahaica, E.C.
Saturday.

MY DEAR CLARA,—Mother asked me to write reminding you of your promise to spend the Christmas holidays with us. We expect having a very nice time as several friends are coming, and what is really the event is the Tennis Tournament, singles and doubles, for which father is offering a prize. The contest should be very keen between yourself and Janet Scandlon who is coming from New Amsterdam.

From Miss Clara Butterworth.
To Miss Emma Rutter.

"Cosy Cottage,"
City,
Tuesday.

DEAREST EMMA,—I was looking forward eagerly to spending the Christmas with you, but more so now I hear of the tournament. I always wished to meet Miss Scandlon, who I hear plays excellently—well, wait and see according to the proverb.

Now about the Pattersons, I am in a position to state that there are no financial troubles. Dad told me that Mr. Patterson had lately made a successful coup.

Drawn by Treyer Evans.]

OLD LADY (to contortionist): "I cannot afford any monetary assistance, but this newspaper has a very generous free insurance!

(*Reproduced from "London Opinion."*)

By the by! do you remember Elinore Patterson, our old school-friend? Phil and she travelled up by the express to-day and she told him she was on her way to New Amsterdam to take up a post as governess to Mrs. Murray's little ones. He mentioned also that she was very sad and on his asking after her parents there were tears in her eyes, but she gave no explanation. Home troubles, I daresay. What a pity, isn't it?

Love to all.

Affectionately yours,
EMMA.

Well, I paid a call, and whilst going up the steps I heard Mr. Patterson speaking in a very loud tone to his wife, litterally shouting. He answered and told me that she was not well, no wonder, poor woman. I quickly left and after several other calls I passed their home again and saw, silhouetted against the blind, Mrs. Patterson, walking up and down the room with her hands clasped above her head; her husband's figure came between and they moved further in. This morning Dr. Brandt was there and you know he is our specialist on head diseases—so you see. I am really sorry for her,

she is so nice. No wonder Elinore was distressed. She is so learned that it won't be a surprise if she herself gets crazy.

Bye, bye, darling,

CLARA.

From Miss Emma Rutter,
To Miss Janet Scandlon.

"Harwood House,"
Mahaica, E.C.
Wednesday.

DEAR JANET,—I hear Mrs. Murray has accepted Miss Elinore Patterson as governess to her little children, but does she know that Mrs. Patterson is mad in Georgetown, and the doctors are deciding whether she should be sent to the Asylum, and also that it is very likely Elinore herself is out of her mind —hereditary you know. I had this from an intimate friend of the family. As you are near, I do hope you will keep an eye on Elinore because it would be so dreadful if anything happened to those little unsuspecting ones.

We should have some exciting games as another excellent player, Miss Butterworth is coming up, and neither of you will give up to the other.

Love to all and a special lot for yourself.

EMMA.

From Miss Janet Scandlon,
To Mrs. Murray.

"The Pines,"
New Amsterdam.
Thursday.

DEAR MRS. MURRAY,—I feel it is my duty, although a painful one, to impart to you the following; for if anything happened and I had not told you I would never forgive myself. From an absolutely reliable source, I have learnt that the mother of your present governess is ravenously mad in Georgetown and is expected here at any moment. The daughter, I understand, has had one or two attacks herself therefore I think she should not have the care of your little darlings.

Hoping you will look into the matter,

I am,
Sincerely yours,
JANET SCANDLON.

From Mrs. Murray,
To Basil Murray, Esq.

Malvern Lodge,
New Amsterdam,
Friday.

DEAR BASIL,—I have received some information about the Pattersons being mad. Elinore did tell me that her mother was not well, but I am entirely satisfied with her and the children have taken to her.

Please make enquiries as I would like to be quite sure.

MOTHER.

From Basil Murray,
To Mrs. Murray.

At Office,
City.
Saturday.

DEAR MOTHER,—Everything is allright, I will explain when I come by two train.

BASIL.

From Mrs. Murray,
To Miss Janet Scandlon.

Malvern Lodge,
Monday.

Mrs. Murray hereby acknowledges Miss Scandlon's letter of the 10th instant, and begs to inform Miss Scandlon that there is not one atom of truth in Miss Scandlon's wild assertions. Mrs. Murray will be gratified if in future Miss Scandlon will desist from imparting news not asked for.

MOTHER.

From Miss Janet Scandlon,
To Miss Emma Rutter.

The Pines,
Tuesday.

MADAM,—I am at a loss to understand why you should have chosen me to be the recipient of a letter, the contents of which, from beginning to end are bald untruths. I informed Mrs. Murray of them only to find that I was made the bearer of slanderous gossip. I think, in fact, I desire that all intercourse cease between us,

J. SCANDLON.

From Miss Emma Rutter,
To Miss Clara Butterworth.

"Harwood House,"
Mahaica,
Wednesday.

DEAR CLARA,—How you could have made up such a letter is bewildering, and I shall never forgive you for the uncomfortable position I am in. The information you gave me of the Pattersons is devoid of all truth Please in future confine yourself to facts.

EMMA RUTTER.

From Miss Clara Butterworth,
To Miss Emma Rutter.

"Cosy Cottage"
City,
Thursday.

DEAR EMMA,—I cannot understand your letter at all, although I have read it several times I am no nearer doing so. But I can throw some more light on the Patterson's affair. I was out yesterday and I learnt that Mrs. Patterson had had a very acute attack of neuralgia, which resulted in deafness, but a technical operation by Dr. Brandt was very successful, and she is improving very nicely. I am very glad it is that and no more. Anyhow I don't see how my last news could have put you out.

Sincerely yours,
CLARA BUTTERWORTH.

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Intercolonial Cricket Tournament.

SEPTEMBER, 1922.

THE DEMERARA 1922 TEAM.

D. M. Smith.

A. Whybrew. J. E. Chabrol.

P. E. F. Cressall. J. R. Phillips. C. L. C. Bourne.

C. R. Browne. C. V. Hunter (capt.) M. P. Fernandes.

H. A. Croal. J. A. Veerasawmy. V. C. Dias.

THE TRINIDAD 1922 TEAM.

L. S. Constantine, jnr. A. Hamid. W. Yeates.
L. S. Constantine, snr. C. A. Wiles. A. Cipriani. John (G)
J. Small. N. Betancourt (capt.) V. Pascall. F. de Gannes.
C. Fraser. W. St. Hill.
H. E. Belgrave (Umpire). G. Dewhurst.

THE BARBADOS 1922 TEAM.

Back Row :—H. E. Belgrave (Umpire), B. I. Gilkes, L. R. Hutchinson, P. W. Hodge, O. A. Pilgrim E. L. G. Hoad, Dr. Hutson, F. L. Y. Simpson (Scorer).

Middle Row :—C. A. Browne, P. H. Tarilton, H. B. G. Austin (capt.), G. Challenor, H. W. Ince.

Front Row :—H. C. Griffith, (the Cup). J. M. Kidney, E. A. Collymore.

The Demerara XI. taking the field under the happiest auspices.

THE TRINIDAD-DEMERARA MATCH.

Close of Trinidad's First Innings for 107.

The Trinidad XI. embarking on their attack against Barbados.

The Barbados XI. (Cupholders) taking the field.

THE RECORD SCORE IN WEST INDIAN CRICKET.

Made by Barbados against Trinidad at Georgetown in September, 1922.

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to Captain H. B. G. Austin by H.E. Sir Wilfred Collet, K.C.M.G.

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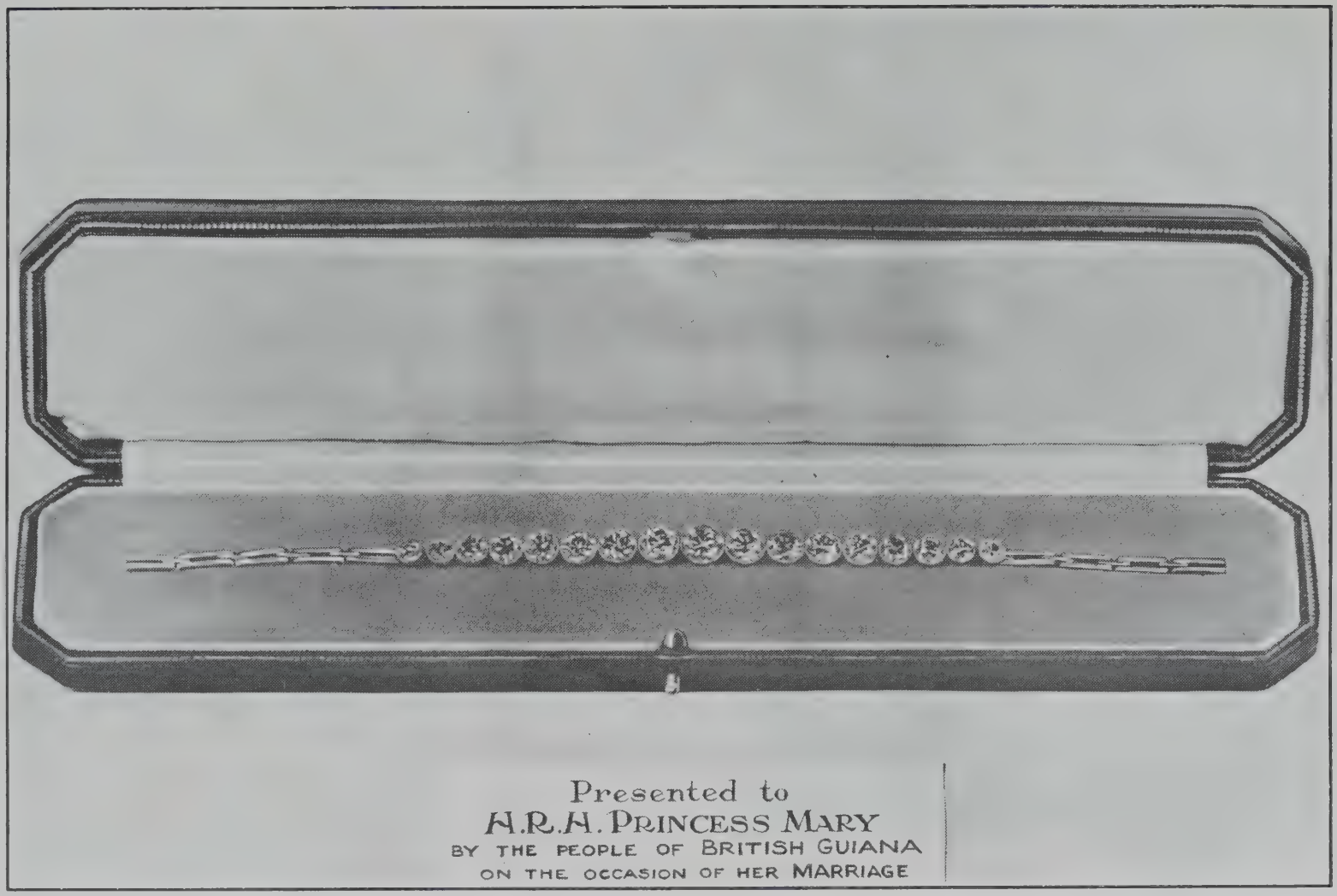

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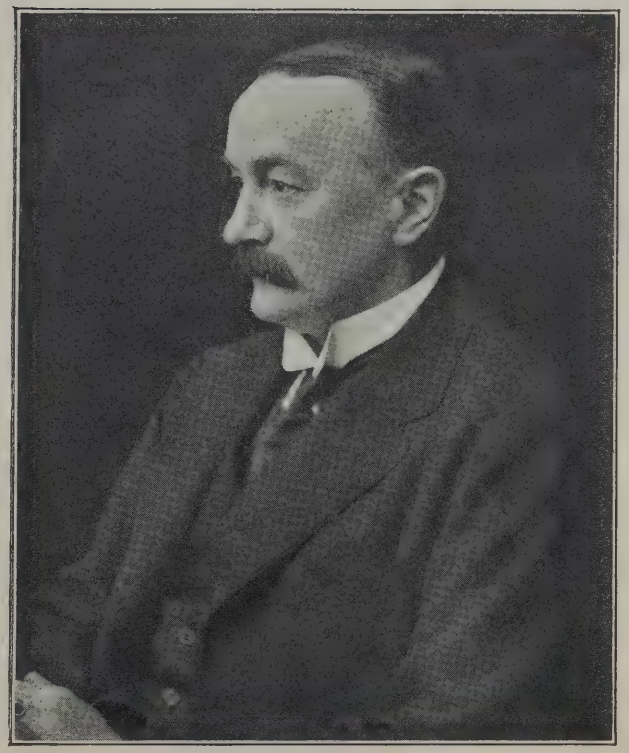
BY THE PEOPLE OF BRITISH GUIANA
ON THE OCCASION OF HER MARRIAGE

TWO OF THE COLONY'S HOPES.



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THE YEAR IN BRITISH GUIANA.

ITS ACTIVITIES AS REHEARSED BY AUNT JANE TO UNCLE JOE.

By S. VEECOCK.

WELL, Bo, the year most done. It bin a funi-curious year, but we cant say it aint bin interesting. We see plenty of things happen here, aldo money ent stirring so plentiful like long time.

King Sugar dethrone early in the year. It was like a child balloon when it bust, quick, quick. Then the procession start to the Fail Office. Never mind, Sugar gwine come back. Since the world learn what it is to have a sweet tooth, it cant do without sugar.

But the thing wha come up top is the diamond. You ever see such a ting. Kurupung is a name to-day. How the mens flock up there. All kinds of mens, schoolmaster, shovelman, drug-store keeper, estate's book keeper, clerks from all about. Some of dem find the stones very well, some of them find dey graves.

Da was funny to read abont the lile white gal, such a good actress I hear she is, say she coming all the way from England, and gwine up in the bush to find diamond, and mek she fortune. She must be tink she can pick dem up, and dat the bush will be a nice place to hold a picnic. Praps she will change she mind.

Georgetown turn into diamond town. You cant walk down a street, in the town part, without you see a signboard here and a signboard there, this man, diamond buyer, that man, diamond dealer, this one gieing the biggest money, that one gieing the spurest deal. Look upon the Ferry Stelling, dem is big signboards dey got there. Da is to ketch the mens dem, when dey coming back from Kurupung.

The one dat mek the most noise is the one from 'Merica. Da is some boy. He write book bout he trip in de bush. He is mighty fo true. He write say how he quell the ructious Badians way up there, when dey want to mutiny, and how he mek dem surrender by discipline.

Still he trying he bes fo we. He ent mek fun to spen money. Look how he come and hire dat big, big house in High Street. Wha, dat place was a Bank, and he living in it, and say he gwine mek quarters for the diamond diggers. To read he advertise in the papers it mek you tink of fairyland. It sound too good to be true. Howsomever, is the boys dem what go up to the fields who can say if it all true. He bring he sissy and carry she in the bush and all, and she gone back to tell the nation, she say, what a great place we have down here.

The Railway belong to awee now. The Government tek it over the first of the year, and Mr. Bayley start pon it very well. He really try to mek it more convenience for the country people. I hope to goodness he books gwine balance nice, and show a good profit, and den dey wont be so afraid to let the busses run up the East Coast. Dey is a good help, I can tell you, for any hour you can get a lift by dem. Dey say dey does cut up the roads too bad. Well, dey should a mek the roads stronger, to bear the weight, for I read in the papers that all the tings for carrying people and goods in the modern countries gwine to be motor trucks and motor buses.

We had plenty of visitors for the year, eh, Bo. England send some grand people to visit we, and go back and say in Palliment how we living, and what we wanting. Never a ting like dat happen to we before, and now Major Wood promote and the friend what come with he, Ormsby-Gore he name, is appoint to tek he place, and I can tell you he did tek tings in good for true, for I read the able speech he mek bout we, so he ought to have a lot of sympathy for awee.

Den the Indian delegates pay we a visit to quire into the way the coolies them live in the Colony. I beg pardon, I forget, you mustn't call dem coolies no more, dey is now known as East Indians. Dose delegates did have a lot of patience. Dey never weary hearing complaints, and dey travel from Ben to Bathsheba. I would a like to see when dey countrymens dem throw wreaths of flowers round dey neck. Is a custom in India dey say, to show dey glad to see dem.

The play actors come too this year. Was a good company from England and all dose who tek inside ticket was quite satisfied that dey get their money's worth. Dey say dey speak beautiful English, and dey wear lovely, grand dresses, and such good plays dey perform, dat de season was a hearty success. We did only got outside tickets.

The locals too, did perform very well. Dey act one play for four nights, not like the regular actors, dey play a different piece every night for fourteen nights. Still we locals was very good, and everybody praise. I did get in to see the last practice in

the Assembly Rooms. Dey wasn't too particular about keeping people out, and I slip in, and it was nice for true, do it is only a practice, I could see on the night itself it was gwine to be grand.

The grand event of the year was the Cricket Tournament. Ow, dat was a time. The whole Colony mind was pon it, and we did have hopes to beat the Trinidadians. I hear dey did book dey passage to go back to Trinidad the third day dey did expect dey self we was gwine to beat dem but we bruk down. Man, da was too bad. I most cry myself.

Howsomever, when I see a grand batting of the Barbadians, I cheer up. Dat was a display, so cool, so comfortable. It was great to watch dem mens. And dey use science, too, mixing the left-handed and the right-handed bats to wear out the fielding. De spectators did gie the Trinidad boys fits, axe dem wha is dey beat, when dey have to shift over after every single run.

Since Demerara did get knock out, I couldn't back her for the final, and I turn strong Badian *pro tem.* I was too glad dey had such a grand victory, for dey was well deserving, and dey was true sports too.

You notice, Bo, how everybody playing cricket since the Tournament. You can't turn one way or another, without you butt up with dis ball playing. Dem lile boys we used to call shirt tail boys (dey wearing shirt and trousers now, you notice, none of dem running about in shirt tail these days) play cricket pon de parapets with a piece of tinnin, a stone and a broomstick. Some of dem play in the middle of the middle walk of roads like Carmichael, Waterloo and Thomas. Main Street and Camp Street is "napoo" as the soldiers say. Dey have shell in the middle walk, so decent people can walk there, but dem other three ent mek up and when the rain fall heavy, some of dem turn into swimming bath for dem same boys.

Every school now playing cricket. And not only the boy schools either, every girl school, and dey practising regular, and sending challenge to one another. We cant expect the Tournament to play in Demerara again until in 1925 or even 1926 if de Colonies join together to send team to England next year, so perhaps by dat time we will have to put women into the team to play for awee.

The Yankee Seaplane mek a visit to the Colony. So long we was hearing bout this seaplane, awee most forget it did start, and it was to come here, till we hear the shout it was at Suddie. Dem Capoey people got luck. Dey see more than we in Georgetown, for it fly low, low, fo le' dem see it, and dey was not ungrateful, dey sen telegram to say dey thank the gentleman for flying low. Mos of we in Georgetown only see it flying high in the air, and den it looked just like the one bin here last year trom Bermuda, only say a lile bigger.

Dat was a big animal circus come down here dis year. I never see so many lions and tigers in the Colony at one time. It must be cost a lot of money to feed them every day. You hear how dey used to buy dogs at two shillings apiece, and no questions asked as to if the dog bin steal or come by honest. Plenty people loss their little pet dog while the Circus bin play in the Parade Ground. Still, it is a good show. I bin myself one night in the pit, and I pick the bestest night for dey show both the lions and the tigers dat night. and all the rest of nights dey only show either the lions or the tigers. I did sorry to hear dey loss three of the lions in Trinidad after dey left here.

Bo, you notice how many of dem steady old bachelors get married dis year? It is a surprising ting. Some of dem nobody did tink would ever be led to the altar of Hymen, but there it is. I could count five of dem, and four is Government Officers, too, do the outside one did get married in December last year, so I shouldn't a count he, but is he lead dem off, he started the ball a rolling.

The Governor gwine home to live pon he pension Well, we none of us gwine cry too much when he gone. Most everybody tink he do de Colony a lot of damage. Dey say he ruin the rice. He wouldn't let it sell to the Islands, and dey sen chack away to India for rice, and now dey don't want we own. And he wouldn't get the money for irrigation for some parts, and for drainage for some parts, so the people loss their crops, sometimes for want of water, and sometimes from too much water.

As to dem Goverment Officers, dey ent got a good word for he. Look wha he do. He cut off all the little extras dey was getting. Dey call it a "temporary increase." Well, he say the temporary is to go permanently. Some of dem gwine find it too hard to mek two ends meet. You know you can't buy sugar like long time, two pounds for five cents, or the better kind, two pounds for seven cents Is five cents and seven cents for one pound now. And flour used to be four cents a pound, now is eight cents a pound, You member Bo, long time you could a did eat a cent bread with you morning tea and feel satisfy, now wha is a cent bread. It dwindle to nutting. He really should a did cut off a little at a time, den dey would not feel it so hard, and dey would a did get a little soft feeling in dey heart for he.

Mr. Sharples gone. Da is a man. How he study to bring up he school, and mek the children know dey ps and qs. He do a good work. But is funny bout he will. Such a man would a mek a will everybody would thought, but no will ent find. The Government is very kind not to tek away all he money as dey is empowered to do. He money is to divide, but nobody know how he would a divide it heself.

THE GROWTH OF DIAMONDS.

A FASCINATING HISTORY.

By "STONES."

IT is an interesting speculation how the Queen of Sheba was dressed when she went to see Solomon, and what jewels she wore; but this, at any rate, we can surmise with a reasonable degree of certainty, she wore no diamonds. There are fashions in precious stones. At one time one is more valued than another; but in tracing the change in public estimation of the different precious stones amongst the ancients one finds the diamond low in the list. It was regarded rather as a freak of nature, a specially hard but otherwise uninteresting material until, in the early years of the fifteenth century, it was found that these hard, pale crystals could be cut and polished to reveal a degree of beauty not found in any other kind of precious stone. From that time onward diamonds have taken their proper place in the estimation of the gem-loving public as the stones of greatest beauty, permanence, and value. Pearls may sicken, opals decay, and turquoises may fade, but the diamond from the time it is cut, remains always bright and clear, full of the iridescent colours found only in the rainbow, the soap bubble and the sunset, and absolutely permanent. Because it is the hardest of all known substances it cannot be worn out.

Tradition tells that the diamond was worn as a jewel in India, 5,000 years ago. The Bible certainly establishes its existence nearly three thousand years back. The whole of the diamonds known in ancient times were obtained from mines in India, which produced most of the large historical stones, including the Koh-i-nor, the Pitt or Regent, and the great Mogul found in the Kollur mines about the year 1650 and reputed to have weighed originally 787½ carats. These Indian mines seem to have been exhausted in the seventeenth century, but India enjoyed the monopoly of supplying the world's demands for diamonds until the discovery of diamonds in Brazil in 1725.

The conditions under which diamonds are found in Brazil are somewhat similar to those existing in British Guiana. Nearly all the country is dense forest. The diamonds themselves to a certain extent are also similar. A few large diamonds have been found in Brazil, the largest on record being found in Minas Garaes and weighed 254½ carats. Another weighed 138½ carats, whilst a third turned the scale at 107 carats. In Brazil a large amount of work has been done above the present level of the creek or stream beds. Up on the heights the largest stones are found, on the hillsides they are more numerous but slightly smaller in size, whilst in the present stream beds they are still more numerous in quantity but still smaller in size. This point is well worthy of consideration by the alluvial diamond worker in British Guiana. We suggest that they work the gravel on the hills. It is impossible to arrive at the exact output of diamonds from Brazil; but writers generally agree at putting the entire production of the Brazilian mines up to the present day at 18,000,000 carats.

The great mines of South Africa now constitute the most important source of diamonds. The full story of the development and working of these mines is a truly fascinating one, but space does not permit the story to be told in full. The first diamond is said to have been found in 1867 near Hopetown, others say at Klipdrift opposite Pniel on the Vaal River. Both the latter places were soon busy alluvial camps, and strange as it may seem, men are still working and finding diamonds at the present moment in both these places.

These places are on the banks of the Vaal River, but most of the work done in the South African allu-

vial is away from any river, or watercourse, in some cases on farms situated hundreds of feet above the present level of the river, or on rocky hills covered with big stones and boulders and almost devoid of vegetation. Water is pumped up on to these high lands by private enterprise, or the digger carts his own water with cart and oxen. There are no creeks from which he can obtain water. In this respect the alluvial fields in South Africa differ greatly from those in British Guiana, there are no forests to contend with, just open country coveredby sparse bush and grass.

The finding of the actual mines was just a matter of luck. The diggers wandered around and spread out over the barren country straggling among the kopjes and hills. About 20 miles from Klipdrift and Pniel mentioned above, one of the diggers noticed a number of small diamonds among a lot of stones the children of a Dutch farmer played with. This was in 1870 and the same thing occured on the farm Bultontein. Immediately the diggers began to swarm throughout that neighbourhood, prospecting in every direction. They found a number of diamonds sticking in the walls of Farmer Van Wyk's dwelling, which he had plastered with mud from a neighbouring pond of his farm Du Toit's Pan. This led to the discovery of the mine so named. The mud walls had actually been made with true mine ground from an actual chimney or pipe. The Du Toit's Pan mine and three others in the same vicinity are now known as the De Beers Consolidated Mines, and are all in the city of Kimberley. These mines were *not* covered with alluvial gravel, the nearest gravel being miles away.

Many other mines have been discovered in South Africa, the largest being the Premier Mine, in which the famous Cullinan diamond was found weighing 3,025¾ carats. This mine is roughly quarter of a mile across, and half a mile long. It is one vast open working. The machinery erected at this mine to-day can treat enough blueground or rock to give a yield of three and one-half million carats of diamonds in a year. If one mine can give this result, imagine what all the mines can produce collectively. Add to this the output from the extensive alluvial fields, the area of which is being added to every year, also the vast deposits in South-West Africa and in the Belgian Congo, and one soon realises the absolute necessity of the Diamond Syndicate in London, so as to regulate the output from these various sources and prevent over-production and a collapse in price, all of which is to the benefit of the alluvial industry and those connected with it, in British Guiana.

It is with pleasure that we are able to record a great expansion of the alluvial diamond industry in this Colony. The following Government statistics are of interest. In 1919 the output was 16,706¼ carats valued at $459,412. In 1920 the output was 39,362⅝ carats valued at $1,351,372.32. During 1921 it jumped up to 102,603⅝ carats of an estimated value of $1,583,266.49. This year has again seen excellent progress made, the output will possibly be in the neighbourhood of 160,000 carats, valued at possibly $3,700,000 in round figures.

During the last few months fresh deposits of alluvial have been found about 120 miles up the Berbice River. One Syndicate during prospecting operations found 27 diamonds weighing 12$\frac{15}{16}$ carats. This is most satisfactory, the average size is larger than usual, without any doubt the quality was certainly above the average. If this new area proves to be extensive, it should attract many diggers, as the Berbice River is much more accessible than the Mazaruni River. It is only a matter of time before other parts of British Guiana are proved to be diamondiferous and payable.

ABOUT MEN.

A man who spends a trying time may be a dodge—or just an ordinary married man.

A man who is in for trouble may be a "drunk and disorderly"—or a prospective bridegroom.

A man making a bolt for the door may be an interrupted burglar—or just an ordinary carpenter.

A man who is ashamed of his convictions may be an ex-convict—or a too-hard J.P.

A man who is passing away the time may be one of the "idle rich"—or a poor man pawning his watch.

A man who is digging for money may be a treasure-seeker—or just an ordinary hard-working navvy.

Some poets, instead of putting fire into their efforts, should reverse the operation!

Love laughs at locksmiths, so it's no wonder wedlock sometimes arouses his mirth.

WHAT THE MISTLETOE KNEW.

If *my* berries were white," the Holly said
To the Mistlstoe bough
"I should dye them red;
For with scarlet berries instead of white,
You might be taken for me by night.
"If your berries were red, and your leaves dark green,
They'd hang you up where you might be seen.
And not in the hall, with the gas turned low,
Where your waxen berries they think won't show."
Just then a youth and a maid came by;
They paused where the Mistletoe hung on high.
"Ho! ho!" the Holly at last confessed,
"Perhaps you know your own business best!"

OBVIOUS.

A very nervous man visited a famous nerve specialist for treatment.

"Do you drink much coffee?" asked the doctor.

"About four saucers full," answered the patient.

"Why don't you drink out of a cup?"

"Because when I do the spoon gets in my eye."

FOXY.

"Am I the only girl you have ever loved?"

"Oh, no. But my taste has been steadily improving.

THE WRONG DREAM.

By WILFRED JAMESON.

MURRAY sat in the condemned cell of the Georgetown Prison. He was to be hanged by the neck until he was dead, according to the sentence passed upon him some time ago. He had only a vague idea as to the passage of time, some time inherent instinct told him that his days were numbered in a more precise sense than the Biblical one. A few days and then . . . . . How unreal it all seemed, he told himself. But a few days ago he was a happily married man. He enjoyed a very responsible position and had a salary which placed monetary troubles outside his scope. Provided he did his work—and it was generally conceded in Water Street that there was no keener, no more hard-working, no more competent merchant in the Colony—he had the prospect before him of a happy, if a strenuous, life. He had, indeed, been somewhat envied. He had by sheer natural ability, risen to become the chief attorney of one of the leading business houses when he was 35 years of age and had proved himself a match for the older merchants whose seniority was in part attributable to long service. In fact these elders had become somewhat sore that a youngster should have invaded the preserves which in the commercial history of British Guiana has been sacred to greybeards. But in a flash his life, his hopes, his prospects and his ambitions had been dissipated. He had been flung from his business, his wife lay in her cold grave at Le Repentir, sent to her doom by the hand of her husband, and his two children—a boy and a girl, aged respectively 11 and 12 years—cast on the world with an indelible strain. And he, in a few days, would be summarily despatched to another world about which he had never time to think and about which, indeed, he had never entertained much curiosity. Yes, it certainly was unreal; and as Murray contrasted the pictures of the had-been and the to-be in his mind he was inclined to chuckle sardonically. It certainly was desperately humorous. He, who of all men, had striven to hold his head high and had played the game with the most extreme insistence on its meticulous rules was to depart this life as a felon guilty of the greatest offence against the law. He was himself a little surprised that he did not feel the business more keenly. At it was, he was fairly indifferent and he had almost forgotten that he had ever belonged to another cosmos which knew no bolted doors, no stern officials, and no tabulated meals. He had often wondered in days gone by how and why various types of men met their death in varying fashions. He had told himself that he was no coward; that he would have gone into battle without any thought as to the results; that he would fight sickness, if sickness came upon him, till one or the other conquered; that, had he found it necessary for any reason that life was not worth living, he would make his exit like a man. Purely pagan beliefs but still, according to his lights, straightforward. But, he reflected, philosophy is certainly useful but does it, or can it govern all circumstances? The panorama slowly unfolded itself before his eyes. But two months ago he was a happy man—happy is his work, happy in his family life, happy in his relation with his fellow creatures. Big-minded enough to be above petty squabbles and petty jealousies which are to be found in Demerara, capable enough to be in no doubt of the confidence of his chief's at home, and temperamentally pleasant enough to be a general favourite, he had yet encountered no difficulty which he had not taken a pleasure in solving. Then—the whispered suspicion, the overheard remark, and the anonymous letter. His wife! At first he had dismissed the idea as ridiculous, but he who loves most is most jealous. He could not put the thought from him. So far as he could judge from her attitude she was as affectionate as ever; but, whispered jealousy, if a woman can deceive you behind your back she can equally well deceive you to your face. He knew his wife was no demure miss. She knew how to enjoy herself; she did enjoy herself, frankly and freely and he was glad that when he could not give her

that attention which he might have wished, that she was capable of finding pleasure with other people. But her fidelity he had never doubted. Then came the finding of a letter couched in the most intimate terms, the trap, and the discovery of his wife's treachery *in flagrante delicto*. He could at first hardly believe the evidence of his own eyes. Was this really Ethel? Impossible! Then—the truth dawned like a crashing thunderbolt. It was so. Ordinarily a judicious man, even in this crisis his senses did not desert him. Why had she done this? Had he ever failed in his duty towards her or had he, by his conduct, given her the slightest cause for the most cruel wrong that a woman can inflict? His conscience answered "No" and inevitably his thoughts reverted to the children. Two young children, with the brightest of prospects in life, children happy and beautiful in themselves, what had they done that this awful brand should be put upon them before hardly they had entered the threshold of iutelligence. Their childhood blighted, their lives embittered by an unforgetable memory. He might have borne the blow himself, but his poor defenceless children . . . . . Two shots rang out and then two more. Murray had a last vision of terror-stricken eyes and his ears rang with a last desperate appeal for mercy. The man hadhardly interested him. He knew him, but what did it matter; it might as well have been him as anybody else. Then the panic of servants, the calls for police. A natural reaction overtook him and he looked out of the window listlessly, helplessly. The very coconut trees seemed to have taken on air of listlessness. The servants' logie at the back seemed unreal. No, nothing mattered.

Then the entrance of two policemen, furtive, hesitating.

"Yes," said Murray, "I did it. You can't help them. Carry on and arrest me. Get a cab or, better still, use my car."

Shortly afterwards Murray was in Brickdam Police Station. He was formerly charged and warned that anything he might say would be taken down in evidence against him.

"Don't worry," he said wearily. "You'll have no trouble with evidence. I'll give you all the evidence you want."

Then came the preliminary proceedings before the Magistrate. These were, owing to Murray's frankness, mercifully short. He was committed for trial.

After a few days in prison Murray emerged a little from his nightmare. He began to realise what he had done and to what he had committed himself. Hell! Why should this thing come upon him?

Fortunately the Sessions were not a far off and in due course he was arraigned. His friends had secured the most eminent counsel and, much to Murray's disgust, it was obvious that an effort was to be made to snatch him from the gallows. He used those terms in his own mind. His counsel, an eminent K.C., had heard the story from Murray's own lips in his cell. There was no possibility of a defence. The K.C. advised him to plead guilty and to give a plain and unvarnished account of what had happened. Leave the rest to him.

In Court, Murray was faintly interested. The very Judge was a friend of his. He had eaten his food, drank his liquor, and played bridge with him. The barristers around were all known to him. Hardly one of them could now look him straight in the face and he reflected that possibly he was the most collected person there.

The Attorney General opened with a short and dispassionate speech. The facts were palpable; there was no denial. It was his painful duty to submit to His Honour that there was a clear case of murder. It was murder under provoking circumstances and by a man who was generally recognised to be the soul of honour; but it was, nevertheless, murder.

Counsel for the defence replied equally briefly. He agreed it was murder, but an offence of such a character committed under such conditions that it would be monstrous to place the prisoner in the same category with those who had been similarly charged. The prisoner's position, his unquestioned integrity, his service to the Colony, his known devotion to his wife, the awful provocation, and the offence committed in a moment of undoubted madness, the unwritten law . . . . .

There could be but one termination. The jury did not retire. The Chief Justice pronounced sentenced, but would strongly recommend the unfortunate man to mercy.

The unfortunate man desired no mercy. He stepped from the dock nonchalantly and indifferently. From the Court arose a sigh of relief. The trial was over.

Murray was back in his cell—the condemned cell. He knew it was so because he had seen sinisters hooks in the beam above. He was not alone. On the one side of him was an East Indian who had hacked to death a faithless paramour. On the other was a burglar who had killed an old woman whose house he had attempted to rob. Murray could sympathise with Baboo, but the other fellow . . ugh! Strangely enough the image came into his mind of Christ dying between two thieves. What a comparison, he thought. He

managed to keep up some kind of communication with Baboo by shouting. The warders were lenient and they were in a gallery by themselves. Baboo was highly indifferent. He had little consciousness of guilt and talked as though he had but done a natural thing which, for some unconscionable reason, the police objected to. However, what was to be was to be . . .

Murray was once visited by his counsel who was making strenuous efforts for a reprieve. Murray was *distrait*, he did not want a reprieve. Though he was very thankful to his lawyer and to the thousands of people who had signed the petition, what had he to live for? Nothing, whether in gaol or out. He would not see his children. It would be an act of sheer cruelty to infliction their youthful minds the spectacle of their father in a felon's cell. They had last seen him when all the world was bright. Let that be their memory of him, if they could not altogether forget him. Nor could he bear to meet them. If he could forget what had been his last few days would not be bitter.

Time dragged on with leaden feet. Murray felt that either his feelings had been paralysed or that the shock of events had dulled his sensibilities. He told himself that he did not care. The line of least resistance for him. Would it be to-morrow or the next day? He had forgotton, but that did not matter.

Then one morning he awoke with the sense of impending tragedy. This must be the day. Well, well, what a funny thing Fate was. A warder entered and gave him a stiff dose of brandy. Murray did not want it, but he took it rather than discuss the point. The warder would only insist.

Soon they came for him. He was taken to the office. There was the Inspector of Prisons, the Superintendent, the Chaplain, all personal friends of his. Why did they all look anywhere but at him? If one of them could have said a casual word, how much better it would be for everyone. The Inspector of Prisons read out something which he presumed was the Governor's warrant. The chaplain exhorted him in well-known phrases. He was led away to the scaffold, what a bright morning it was, not hot, but fresh.

They were fixing something on his neck, but Murray was indifferent. Instead he seemed to be mounting the stairs that led to his pretty green and white house. The garden was looking splendid. The ferns were as fresh as ever and the lilies were better than he had ever seen them. At the jalousie appeared the head of his terrier "Jock" which barked a welcome. Inside he could hear his wife telling the maid to get the Master's tea. There was a patter of feet as Masie ran to clasp his hands and be lifted up for a kiss. How good life was! He had had a hard day, but it was worth it. He could give these little ones a decent start in life—better than he had had, he reflected with pride. He had done some good deals and the business was on a better footing in spite of the fact that things in Water Street were not too brisk. He could look forward to a decent commission in June and possibly six months' leave. What were they doing to-night? His wife would have arranged something. He hoped it was tennis; but, if it was bridge, let it be a decent four. There was, he knew, a swizzle party which he must get to before seven. Then dinner, a romp with the kids, a read of the book he was so interested in and then sleep, wholesome and refreshing till the first Sea Wall at six would break his slumber. Another day started. Yes, he had to see Jenkins at eight. What would be the reply to that cable? Why worry. Here was he with the wife and kids, the earth was fair, God was good to him . . . .

A tightening at the neck, a jerk, and the fabric of the dream was dissipated.

Murray had dreamed the wrong dream.

SHE UNDERSTOOD.

"My dear," said Mr. Bibbles, over the telephone, "I won't be home until late to-night, so don't sit up for me. John Jagsby and I have an important matter to discuss."

"Very well," said Mrs. Bibbles, in a tone of resignation, "but when you begin to get full of the matter I do hope you won't let Mr. Jagsby persuade you to have just one more discussion."

PERFECT.

"Their home life is ideal."

"Is that so?"

"Yes; she goes abroad in the summer, and he goes to the Riviera all the winter. Perfect, isn't it?"

A CHRISTMAS PREDICAMENT.

Now has my Christmas joy decreased,
My feelings are not pleasant,
Because the girl I love the least
Sent me the nicest present.

DIDN'T CARE A FIG.

"For two weeks," said the returned explorer at the pantomime, "I was without food; but one day I found a calendar."

"What good did that do you?" asked the clown.

"I immediately ate the dates," was the reply.

SUCH IS LIFE.

The little boy and girl were playing house—playing at love.
The old couple held each other's hands and dreamed of love.
And the young couple who were just where love should have meant everything to them—quarrelled and parted.

MISER HAYNES.

By EDWIN PUGH.

ON a lowly wooden headboard in a certain churchyard in Wales is inscribed the following epitaph :—

Here lie the remains
Of Miser Haynes,
Whom no one forgets
And no one regrets.

Who put the headboard there, or who carved those bitter words upon it, no one knows. But they are felt to be so true and so well-deserved that no one, not even the vicar, has ever troubled to have that strange memorial removed.

Miser Haynes had come to that Welsh village from London, a middle-aged man, intending to spend his declining years there in peace and quietness. But all his life he had been amassing money. He had lived for money. It seemed to him the only thing worth living for.

At first he had tried to live the idly-busy life of a prosperous man, retired from business, and enjoying his accumulated savings. But he could not. Very soon he was dealing in houses and land, stocks and shares, and in every other form of investment that promised a substantial profit.

It became known throughout Penmorva that he was always ready and willing to lend money on good security. His rate of interest was high, but he was such a pleasant, hearty old fellow, and he had such a blunt way with him over a friendly pipe and glass, that many of the farmers and tradesmen eagerly availed themselves of this opportunity to lay out a little much-needed extra capital upon their tillage or their business. Thus, in a few years, he held mortgages upon half the property in that neighbourhood, and there were not many houses in which he had not a bill of sale upon the furniture.

All went well until the time came to pay arrears of interest, or to renew an acceptance. The farmers found he was not so pleasant or hearty as he had been in the past, though quite as blunt. It was discovered, moreover, that he had invented a harsh system whereby it was impossible for anyone to clear himself except by prodigious sacrifices.

It was not to be wondered at, then, that the debtors lose their liking for him and began to hate him. And he was hated all the more because, though he was so rich and grew rapidly richer, he was so mean and grasping that he begrudged himself the very necessaries of existence. He did all his own cooking, such as it was, and all his own household too, rather than spend a shilling or so occasionally on outside help. He never sought any diversion, or did anything whatsoever that might cost him a penny.

And yet times were so bad and cash was so scarce that sooner or later nearly everybody had to go to him for a loan; and so it came about that his power increased daily, until in time, he had most of his neighbours in his clutches. As he passed through the High Street all the women bobbed to him, all the men touched their caps, and all the children stood and gaped and trembled.

Among his humbler victims were Mr. and Mrs. Purvis, a couple not long married, with one baby-girl. Purvis was a carrier. It was to buy a horse and cart that he had borrowed money from Miser Haynes just before his marriage. He had not been married many months before, one night, his horse was killed and his cart smashed by a powerful motor-car that whizzed away into the darkness and was never traced.

To replace his loss Jim Purvis had to obtain a fresh loan from Miser Haynes, and the burden of this new loan, added to his old obligation, was slowly crushing all the joy out of his young life. In vain he and his wife stinted themselves in order

that their baby-girl should lack nothing. They fell more and more into arrears with their payments. Every week Miser Haynes grew more and more rapacious and threatening, until there seemed to be nothing but uttered ruin before them.

It isn't as if I hadn't repaid the loan over and over again in interest," said Jim Purvis one evening to his pretty young wife. "The money that man has had out o' me these last two years or so would have set me up with another mare and bought a go-cart for Babs into the bargain. And yet, if I don't find another six pounds before Saturday, he'll come down on us and take all we've got."

Mrs. Purvis raised her tear-stained face from the cot over which she was bending.

"Perhaps he ain't quite so bad as what people make out, Jim" she said, soothingly. "Perhaps—"

"I tell you, Nance, he's hard to the core. I wish he was dead. Though even if he was dead," added Jim on reflection, "that wouldn't help us, 'cos there would still be that bit o' paper I signed. Ah, well, I think I'll do as I said—just have a look round and see if I can find a friend in need."

Having kissed his wife fondly, he went out.

Nance stood at the door of their cottage, watching his dejected figure as it disappeared in the gathering dusk. When he had gone she went hastily indoors dressed herself and the baby-girl in their best clothes, and went her way along the deserted High Street towards Miser Haynes's house.

It was now quite dark. A fierce hurricane was blowing off the sea. Her idea was to go and see Miser Haynes herself. She would plead with him. If he still proved obdurate she would show him her little baby-girl.

She arrived at the house and knocked timidly at the door.

After a long interval it was opened, and the face of the miser peered out. He was wearing his battered old hat and ragged threadbare overcoat, as if about to start on a jouruey.

"Oh, it's you!" he snarled. "Come to pay the money?"

"N-no" she stammered. "I have come——"

"Then go away again," said he, "and look out for some one else to take you in next Monday. You'll need a new home then."

He tried to shut the door on her, but she pressed against it with her shoulder.

"Please, dear Mr. Haynes," she wailed, "see here I've brought my baby——"

He swore at her and pushed her away roughly.

Then there was a loud resounding slam, and she was alone in the darkness, weeping.

On the other side of the door Miser Haynes stood scowling and trembling, his evil face showing livid and distorted in the murky rays of the candle he carried in his shaking hand.

He sniffed the air. It was heavy with the reek of paraffin.

"I wonder if she noticed the smell?" he quavered aloud. "If she did——"

His voice sank to a muttering undertone as he went slowly up the narrow passage to a cupboard under the stairs and looked into that black hole. Here the odour of paraffin was almost overpowering; and his feeble light showed a great heap of paper and shavings and wood soaked in the oil. A broken lamp lay on the floor of the passage, immediately underneath a bracket affixed to the wall whereon it usually stood.

Obviously the old man had been about to set his house on fire when poor little Mrs. Purvis knocked at the door. But why should a man so rich be guilty of the crime of incendiarism? There is the mystery of miserliness! A while ago one of his nefarious schemes had failed, and he had been mulcted in a sum of three hundred pounds. That loss had preyed on his mind.

He felt he could not rest, he could not eat or sleep or have any satisfaction in life, until he had made good that loss. So he had thought of firing his house and getting the insurance money. It seemed so easy and so safe.

And now . . . had this woman suspected anything? He decided that she had not. He struck a match. . . .

Ten minutes later he was hurrying through the tiny village towards the steep little hill beyond, from which he purposed to watch the blaze.

Then suddenly a devastating thought occurred to him. He had forgotten something. He had carefully banked his hoard: that was all right. But he had forgotten the old oak chest in his bedroom. The chest contained all his bonds and securities, all the deeds and documents that represeeted so much wealth. If those papers were destroyed he would lose half his fortune. What a fool he had been not to think of that before firing his house!

He stood stock-still, wheeled about, and started off in the direction of the High Street.

Already there was a red gleam in the distance. He saw the smoke go rolling up in a pulsing glare. He began to run, haltingly, stiffly, against the furious onslaught of the gale.

The streets had been deserted because of the inclemency of the night. But the sound of his hurrying footsteps echoing on the slate pavement drew faces to the doors and windows. He tore along the narrow, winding way at the head of an excited mob; and as he raced across his weed-grown front-garden the mob burst through the gate after him.

Jim and Nance Purvis were there. They saw the miser plunge into the burning house. But by this time the fire had taken such hold, the heat was so intense, and the roar and crackle of the flames so menacing, that none dared to follow further.

Alone he groped his way through the smoke, along the passage, up the stairs, until he gained his bedroom. There the fire had as yet made no headway.

He found the chest, and began to drag it across the floor. It was very heavy—too heavy for him to carry downstairs. But he decided that if he could drop it out of the window that would serve him equally well.

So he strained and tugged at it, and by an almost superhuman effort he tilted it up on his bed, and lodged it firmly and securely against the inner sill.

He threw up the window. And instantly the fresh draught caused the heat and the smoke to rush in, scorching his face, blinding him, choking him.

But just one last heave, and all would be well. He got his hands under the sharp edge of the chest. He hoisted it up, bit by bit, higher and higher. For an instant it toppled, balanced precariously, on the window-edge. Then he gave it a final thrust, and it hurtled out with a scraping sound into the hazy void.

For a moment he stood there panting, with a glad thrill of relief at his heart. Then he realised his imminent peril, and turned to find a way out of the house.

But by this time it was blazing like a box of matches. Tongues of flame were licking under the door. The floor was intolerably hot beneath his feet.

He flung open the door, and instantly the fire lunged at him, lapped him about in a searing embrace. He closed the door again and ran back to the window. There also was an impenetrable wall of smoke and sparks that bristled with a myriad spears of flame and soared up to the sky.

He caught a dim glimpse of horrified faces staring up at him, and heard hoarse voices crying out .—

"Jump! Jump!"

But he was dazed and dizzled by the stupefying fumes. His limbs were as water. His wits were all astray.

Between those two fires he raged hither and thither, tearing his scanty white locks, and screaming horribly, until at last he sank down on the floor and was no more seen by the crowd of watching villagers.

His last conscious thought was of thankfulness that at least his precious chest was safe.

But his chest was not safe. It was old and brittle, and so seamed and cracked and warped by the dry-rot and hard usage of years that, as it struck the ground, it burst into fragments. Its contents were thus scattered over the garden. The fierce gale caught up the papers and flung them broadcast, far and wide, chased them over fields and woods, up hill and down dale, until it cast them into the sea or otherwise consigned them to oblivion.

Thus, with the destruction of these documentary evidences, were Jim and Nance and the baby-girl together with scores of their neighbours, set free from the heavy debt that had brooded like a black thunder-cloud over the whole village.

And thus it comes about that to-day there is inscribed upon a certain grave in Penmorva Churchyard that mocking epitaph.

SAME OLD STORY.

RICHARDS: "No cottage pudding?"
Waiter: "No, sir."
Richards: "Why not?"
Waiter: "House shortage, sir."

SAFETY.

"Why are you lugging home that expensive box of chocolates?"
"Just to play safe. The wife kissed me this morning before I left, so I imagine it must be either her birthday or our wedding anniversary!"

"CONDUCTOR," screamed the woman who carried many bundles, as she paused on the platform of a crowded tramcar, "I thought I told you that I wanted to get off at Acacia Avenue!"

"But, madam—" began the conductor.

"Don't you say a word! I know all about your tram being very full, and about your not being able to remember where everybody gets off. I have heard all that before!"

"But, madam—" again commenced the poor conductor.

"You may be sure," poured on the woman, "I shall report you for your impudence, too!"

She alighted, and the tram started again.

Then the conductor touched his cap, and, for the first time being able to get a word or two in sideways, respectfully called after the woman being left behind:—

"Very sorry, madam, but Acacia Avenue is half a mile farther on!"

HERMIONE'S KISS.

By WILLIAM FREEMAN.

ABOUT ten days ago George Bramshaw came to see me. George is my cousin. He burst in like an overdose cyclone, hurled his hat on a chair, annexed a cigarette, sat down, got up again to find a match, knocked an ornament off the mantelshelf, bumped his head when putting the ornament back, and finally subsided on the ottoman.

"Jerry," he said, "I've come to you because—well, because, wooden-headed, wooden-hearted old buffer though you are, you happen to have been at the Pagrams' dance last week. And Hermione Nugent was there. And Millie Davenant, who's a decent sort, and who understands when a pal's in distress, tells me that you know Hermione."

"I do," I said. Moreover——"

But if you think you're going to dam George's conversational overflow as easily as that, you're wrong. The thing can't be done.

"Listen, Methuselah! I hadn't seen Hermione before. Didn't even know her name when I did see her. Much as I could do to remember my own when Millie introduced us. If Millie hadn't gone off with a rheumatic aunt to bath, I shouldn't be here. But when a chap's pipped for the first time——"

What about Evelyn Wrest, and the furlong girl, and the one with the yellow bobbed hair, and——"

"Those!" said George, negligently flicking red-hot ash on to the Axminster," were—er—experiments. The shadow before the substance, the overture before the curtain goes up, the—er—lull before the storm. *This* is a real thing."

"Sorry! Because it's happened that—"

"Wrong again. It hasn't happened. But it's jolly well going to."

"You haven't waited to hear——"

"No need to wait. What you're trying to tell me is that since the dance there can't have been much time for love-making. Well, in this instance, the spadework's done. I've only one thing to do before the question's actually put. And that's to kiss her. No chap worth his salt proposes to a girl before he's kissed her at least once.

"The real miracle is that Hermione shouldn't have been snapped up sooner. But Millie told me that the coast was clear. There's only one cloud on the jolly old horizon, and that's the fact that she's going away herself on Wednesday for a month. So I want you to use whatever influence you've got to—er—well, push things along and——"

"My dear chap, the thing's impossible."

"You won't? Right-o!" He hurled the stump of his cigerette into the wastepaper-basket. "No, don't burst a blood-vessel trying to explain. You've known years longer than I have, but you'd turn down a pal her rather than lift a finger. No, I'm not taking offence. Not at all. Plenty of chaps would, but I'm not that sort. I'll finish the job on my own account. And to show there's no malice borne, I'll trot along at intervals between now and Wednesday, and report progress."

"Right-o!" I said.

Two days passed before I saw George again.

"Well?" I said.

"The kiss? Not yet, my lad, not yet! But *en route*. You know the Gillsons? Well, they got up a bazaar yesterday in aid of some fund, and they biffed Mrs. Nugent, who's a near neighbour, into running the fruit-and-vegetable stall. Only heard of it by accident. Hermione, of course, had to be there. Which she was, looking top-hole, and handing out bananas and cauliflowers at five times their value as though she'd spent all her life at Covent Garden. Well, when the first rush was over, I toddled up and suggested a cup of tea and a meringue or so. And she accepted.

The pair of us headed for the refreshment-booth. I gathered that she'd been half-expecting a friend who hadn't turned up—another slice of luck for *me*. But we'd barely averted starvation when a side-door opened and Zeborah, the Veiled Palmist of the Nile, oozed in. And she said, 'I thought I heard your voice. Hermione, old thing, I've a pig of a headache. *Do* you think you could carry on with the palmist stunt until Mrs. Foley-Smythe turns up? She promised to relieve me at six but she's late. You know the sort of stuff to give 'em—"Beware of a dark man crossing your path," and so on. I'll leave my things ready.'

"Hermione said, 'Of course, dear—if Mr. Bramshaw will excuse me.'

"I expect he'll be one of your first clients," said Zeborah.

"It was a pretty good guess. For what could any chap ask better than such a *tete-a-tete*?

"So Hermione and Zeborah, otherwise the doctor's daughter, slid off together, and after waiting a decent interval I followed. I found the palmist's G.H.Q. and went in.

Hermione was swathed in Oriental draperies, with a veil, sewn with sequins and things, hiding all but her eyes. And the place was only half lit, and reeking with scant or incense, or both. When I spread out my hand, and she took it in her little white one, I realized that the moment had come, and leant forward, and kissed her just where the veil made a line across her cheek."

"And then——" I prompted.

"A thick ear, Methuselah! I'd rung up the wrong number. It wasn't Hermione, but Mrs. Foley-Smythe, who'd arrive punctually after all. Wife of a suffragan-bishop or something. Had a fearful time trying to make her understand that I'd made a mistake.

"I got away without seeing Hermione again. Jolly thankful to get away at all! . . . And now I'd better be shoving along. I'll be seeing her again to-morrow. I'll let you know the result."

"Thanks," I said. "Thanks, tremendously!"

As I stood at the window, and watched George stride down the street, I realized that he meant business, and wasn't running any risks.

Yet when he came the next evening, he bore the hall-mark of failure. He sat on the extreme edge of his chair, and refused (1) anything to drink, (2) ditto to smoke, (3) to meet my eye. He had the air of a man who has walked into a lamp-post in a fog, staggered away, and tripped over a steam-roller.

"Jerry——" he started.

"George?"

"Why was I born?"

The question opened up a problem so vast that I was unable to answer. He went on: "I saw Hermione again this afternoon."

"Really? And did you——?"

"Don't interrupt. I say I saw her again. She's just come out of the Pagrams' house. She was wearing a hat decorated with blue tomatoes or cherries or something round the brim; and she looked—well, you know how Hermione can look. I bet she'd have made Cleopatra and the Queen of Sheba look like a couple of old fright if she'd lived at the right time! At the corner of the street she announced that she was waiting for a No. 21 bus. I gave her to understand that a No. 21 bus, was the one thing I was yearning for. So we waited together, and at last one came. There was only three people on top beside ourselves—one in front and two behind.

"You can jolly well imagine my spirits rising, at the prospect. Every time I glanced at her thrills and shivers chased themselves up and down my spine. I'd just slid one arm along the back of her seat when the conductor appeared—a short-sighted, nervous chap, and new to his job. He took our fares and went down. Five minutes later he clumped upstairs again. Then two more people got on top, and he came up again for *their* fares, and then an old lady behind us leant forward and tapped me on the shoulder and asked if I knew if we stopped at the Angel. How the deuce should I know where the bally bus stopped? A man in front who looked like a plasterer's labourer joined in the discussion, and finally the old lady said she didn't believe any of us and rang the bell, and got down.

"Two minutes after that a ticket-inspector appeared. He'll never know how near he was to being slung overboard! He'd barely got to the top of the stairs when the conductor made a fresh appearance, to ask if we'd seen a brown-paper parcel that the old lady thought she'd left behind her. We hadn't seen it. I told him so, plainly.

"Directly he'd gone Hermione said, 'I'm getting down here. Good-bye, and thank you so much, Mr. Bramshaw.' She got down, and vanished in the direction of some beastly concert-hall.

"I came home by the first bus that was going that way. But if you think, my lad, that I'm dished or foiled or baffled, you're jolly well wrong. I'm going to pull off that event before Wednesday morning. In fact, you can bet on my being here with the glad news by seven o'clock to-morrow."

I waited for the next evening with a good deal of interest. Six o'clock came, and I'd other visitors. But not George. Not until ten past eight did he arrive.

"What——?" I began.

"'Nother wash-out! Look here, Methuselah, you've jolly well *got* to lend a hand. Friend in need, and all that sort of bilge. Never mind scruples. You've got to help me pull this off."

"How can I, when I don't even know the facts?"

"Then I'll waste five minutes coughing 'em up.

"The day began without much luck. Hermione, I found, had gone to Town shopping—no one knew where, nor when she'd be back. But in the afternoon I ran slap into her in Oxford Street. Pure accident. She explained that she was going into the Universal Stores. I offered to wait outside and carry her parcels. She said I wasn't to wait? I said I jolly well meant to. If ever you wake up enough to go courting, Methuselah, remember that that's the line to take. All girls are the same. A little real firmness, and they'll practically eat out of your hand. She went into the stationery department, and I waited. Twenty minutes passed, and then—I call this a dashed plucky thing to do—I went in myself. Chap rigged out like a field-marshall swung open the door; another chap, looking like Britain's premier earl, asked what my pleasure was. I inquired about Hermione. Gave a description—hat decorated with blue tomatoes, and so forth.

"Hermione, I gathered, had been heard to inquire for the grocery department. Grocery department, after a long delay, informed me that she'd gone down to the bargain basement. Bargain basement remembered her distinctly, and referred me to the Scotch wool department, fifth floor. The Scotch wool manageress, a woman with red hair and a temper, biffed me up to the refreshment place, on the roof.

"I went on the roof, which has a balcony round. It appears to be the correct thing to go to the edge and stare down at the shoppers as they stream in and out of the entrance. I went. And, looking down, the first person I saw going out wore a hat trimmed with blue tomatoes.

"I dashed down the stairs. Standing by the lift, waiting to go up, was Hermione.

"'I thought,' she said, reproachfully, 'that you were going to wait for me?'

"I gave a *resumé* of my tour.

"'I've been in the confectionery department, next to the stationery, all the time,' she said. "Now I'll simply have to fly home. I've all my packing to do.'

"At that I got jolly well desperate. Said that I'd something of terrific importance to tell her. She asked if it couldn't wait till she got back from the North. I said 'No.' Then she said she'd be passing along this road at about eight-thirty pip emma, and possibly if I happened to be in the neighbourhood then—So here I am."

"So here you are."

"But she's nowhere in sight. Oh, woman, woman!"

"She's in the next room," I said, and his mouth opened. "She came here to tea with her mother."

"Heavens! You might have explained——"

"That Hermione and I have been engaged for the past week. My dear chap, I tried. But you didn't give me a chance. And——"

The door opened. Hermione came in. Her gaze met George's.

"I thought I heard voices."

"You've met George before, I believe?"

"Heaps of times." Aud then as George still goggled at her like a man smitten hip and thigh she glanced at me and raised her eyebrows—, Hermione has adorable eyebrows—and I nodded.

"As we're going to be cousins," said Hermione, softly, "and I hate to think of people being disappointed, why——!"

She went lightly across to the mute wreckage that was once George and bent, and——

I wasn't jealous, anyway.

CAUGHT.

THE OFFICE BOY: "Yes, sir, I was at my grandmother's funeral."
The Boss: "Who won?"

TO THE LOVESICK.

Ere wedlock causes you to weep,
Consult your lucky star.
'Tis well to look before you leap,
And then stay where you are.

REVENGE.

Male Straphanger: "Madam, you are standing on my foot."
Female Ditto: "I beg your pardon. I thought it belonged to the man sitting down."

A STURDY Scotsman had been having a dispute with his wife. He had taken refuge under the bed. As she stood on guard, with a stick in her hand, he called lustily from his retreat:—
"Ye can lam me and ye can bate me, but ye canna break ma manly spirit. I'll nae come oot."

"You did me a favour ten years ago," said the stranger, "and I have never forgotten it."
"Ah," replied the good man, "and you have come to repay me?"
"Not exactly," replied the stranger. I've just got into town and need another favour, and I thought of you right away.'

WIT AND HUMOUR.

SHE was very important and very stout. Her jewellery was very plentiful and, although it was a hot day, she wore her newest sables, she was choosing the most ornate tea and dinner services the big London store had to offer, for she had made up her mind to figure as a Society hostess.

Therefore she was ordering everything by the dozen—plates, dishes, spoons, forks and so forth—and suddenly she caught sight of a pair of sugar-tongs.

"What are those things?" she asked.

"Sugar-tongs, madam."

"Then send me four dozen of those."

HE: "You don't know how nervous I was when I proposed to you."

SHE: "You don't know how nervous I was until you did."

"Oh, Mrs. Brooms!" The sad-eyed young poet was calling to his landlady. "Did you throw away those blank sheets I left on the table this morning?"

"I did, Mr. Scribbler," came the reply. "Weren't they waste paper?"

"Not yet," returned the poet sadly; "I hadn't written anything on them."

The little girl from the top flat encountered the bachelor tenant of the flat below.

"Can I come and play with your little girl, Mr. Snoggs?" she inquired.

"Little girl?" he echoed, aghast. "My dear, I have no little girl."

"Why, mother said the other day that the only thing you ever thought of was your little Mary!"

"What is the meaning of that big 'D' on the dustbin?" asked the new servant.

The haughty footman replied:—

"Damsel, the 'D' displayed on the dustbin denotes that the despairing domestics of this detached domicile desire that the deserving dustmen during their daily diversions will deem it their delightful duty, to dislodge deliberately and deftly the dirt and dust deposited in that disagreeable dustbin."

The prisoner was being cross-examined by counsel for the prosecution, when the judge interrupted.

"You say that you dined at the Hotel Metro. What did you partake of?"

The prisoner turned to reply.

"Beef-steak, my lord," he said.

The judge looked stern.

"On your oath?" he said.

"No, my lord," he said, "on a plate."

A young husband came home from the city one day to find that a note had been left for him on the table by his wife.

He opened it, and as he read the note his face paled.

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed, "to think that anything so awful could have happened."

He rushed out, jumped into a taxi, and was driven to the nearest hospital.

"My name is B——," he said to the secretary. "Is my wife here?"

He was informed that she was not.

"Are there any other hospitals near here?" he asked, and again the reply in the negative.

In despair, and with a view to advice how to act, he showed the secretary the note his wife had left.

This is what the secretary read: "Dearest Jack, I have gone to have my kimono cut out.—Phyllis."

"Carry yer bag, sir?" said the urchin eagerly to the man evidently hurrying to the station.

"No, thanks!" replied the man shortly.

"I'll carry it all the way for a tanner," persisted the lad.

"I tell you I don't want it carried!" retorted the man.

"Don't yer?"

"No, I don't!"

The lad broke into a quick trot to keep up with his victim's hasty strides, as he asked, in innocent curiosity:—

"Then what are you carrying it for?"

A young wife recently went into a provision shop and addressed the shopman thus:

"I bought three or four hams here a month or so ago, and they were fine. Have you any more of them?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the man. "There are ten of those hams hanging up there now."

"Well, if you're sure they're off the same pig I'll take three of them," replied the young wife meekly.

"Finerty, I have a terrible toothache; it has me that crazy I don't know whether I'm a steam pump or a jumping-jack."

"Why don't you do what I do when I have toothache?"

"What's that?"

"I go home to my wife. She puts her arms around my neck, kisses and hugs me, smooths my forehead, and I forget all about it. Why don't you try it?"

"I will, Finerty. Is your wife at home now?"

A mother was questioning her little daughter, aged six.

"Who is the father of the calf?" asked the mother.

"The bull," replied the youngster.

"Who is the father of the duckling?" continued the mother.

"The drake," responded the child.

"And who is the father of the kid?"

"Charlie Chaplin."

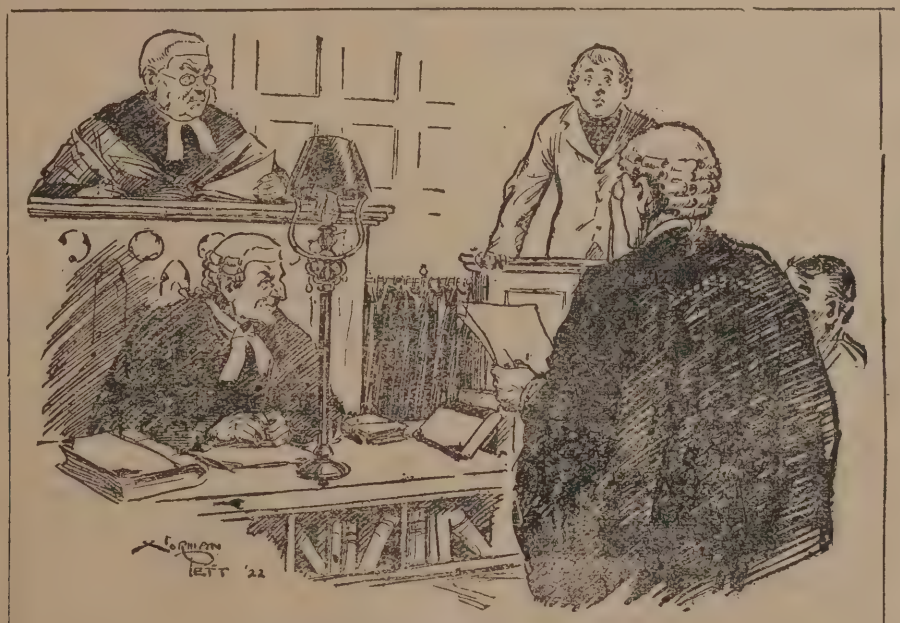
PICTURES OF THE PAST.

1. THE OLD-TIME HAPPY FAMILY.

By J. RODWAY.

WHEN Captain St, Clair visited Pln. Vredesteyn in 1807, he asked the girl who brought his morning coffee whether she were happy. In reply she said "Yes, him all good ; Missie good, Miss Catherine good, Miss Sophie good—and negro happy."

People cannot always see that their ancestors were as well off as themselves and that they enjoy the good results. Some, who talk of heredity, ignore the



COUNSEL: "Are you a single man?"
WITNESS: "No, Sir I'm a twin."
(*Reproduced from "London Opinion."*)

Here we can get a basis and can repeat the old saw, "a good master makes a goodservants." Going a little farther, a good servant makes a good master. That there were good servants—and good masters in the olden time is shown by results—the hardy pioneer did such good work that the coasts and banks of the rivers were laid out in better ways than we can find to-day. We have allowed drainage and cultivation to deteriorate and should appreciate the fact that the old masters and servants were not weaklings.

better side—we inherit strength as well as weakness, and enjoy much because our ancestors were good workers. Newspapers and books written by political agitators show us only the bad side of things —the other side can be seen in results.

What were the old servants like? When a man comes in with a written character to-day, we

sometimes think that there may be something more than is written down, for we generally know that a bad character" would be suppressed. But when a slave was given a good character, he could not read it or it carry about, and though there was always a suggestion that the man or woman was not as excellent as described, we can plainly see that there was a standard to which public opinion conformed.

The boy who, after reading praises of the dead in a cemetery, remarked that bad people could not have been buried there, gave a suggestion that we never speak ill of the dead. As far as consists with what we know, however, we should not carry this policy too far. The evidence for good masters and good servants is not found on tombstones but in the advertising columns of old newspapers.

If we are to believe the puffs of advertisers *good* was not strong enough for a recommendation; they were fine and excellent, complete washerwomen, or complete workmen. "A fine healthy field negro, very superior shoveller," "good character," "healthy," "an expert washer"; all point to standards, though perhaps we must admit exaggeration. The negro of to-day has no reason to be ashamed of his ancestor nor to suppose that Massa and Missie were worse than those we have to-day. Possibly the servants were more docile than they are now, but where they were once governed somewhat by fear we can be sure that a good servant is not afraid of a good master.

The reason for Captain St. Clair's visit to the plantation where the negroes were happy, over the celebration of the wedding anniversary of the owner Jan L'Espinasse, whose name is prominent in our history as the Governor who was ordered by the West India Company to enforce new laws in 1785. From what I can gather he wanted to carry out his orders, but would not enforce the new laws to cause a revolution. His Secretary, Antony Meertins, wanted to sue and levy but as virtually all the colonists refused to pay taxes without proper representation L'Espinasse did the best he could. The French Revolution was no doubt a warning and we can now say that the Governor was no fool. He retired after the Plan of Redress was adopted and built a mansion on Pln. Vredesteyn where he lived in 1807 with his wife, two grown-up daughters and a "merry widow".

St. Clair and Colonel Nicholson, the British Commander, were invited to the anniversary celebration and they took up the military band to enliven the proceedings. When the boat came near the stelling a lively tune was played and the ladies peeped over the gallery while "Massa" came down to welcome the visitors. Behind him came two girls, one with a large mug of Sangaree and the other with a tray of glasses,

L'Espinasse was described as a gentleman-like elderly Dutchman, dressed in a West Indian garb, including thin white trousers with feet on them instead of stockings, a shirt, but no neckcloth, a cotton dressing-gown or coat and a straw hat with a brim like an umbrella. Every visitor was supposed to take a drink as they passed up a flowery avenue to the mansion, which the visitor considered equal to a good house in England.

After hanging their hammocks and putting their uniforms in order the visitors were called to dinner. The feast was enjoyed and the "merry widow" was the soul of the company; she laughed when St Clair took sly glances at the naked girls waiting at table. They were all merry but were able to get to their hammocks before it was very late.

Next morning preparations for the ceremony commenced at dawn. Everyone on the estate dressed for the occasion. The planters, the ladies, old daddies and mammies got out their finery, but the children were only bathed. They were more free to jump about than their elders and we may note that negro children still like to run about in the rain without clothing.

There was of course a holiday for everyone and they all enjoyed it. But there was no disorder anywhere unless you may call romping pickneys out of order. But even they were arranged in the procession being formed to greet the bride of the day. Dressing took up the morning after coffee and even Massa came out in the latest French style. The whole ceremony was emblematic of a marriage and we may be sure that love ruled everything. Orange-blossoms were everywhere and possibly much damage was done to the trees. But it did not matter for oranges were then as plentiful as mangoes often are now.

When everything was ready, the bride, missie and mother took her place at one end of the drawing-room on a dais and sat like a queen on her throne. She wore a pure white dress trimmed with real orange-blossoms and we can feel that she was gratified and much pleased throughout the ceremony. On either hand were her two grown-up daughters as bridesmaids in white like their mother. Besides the military visitors from town, there were some from the neighbourhood, possibly the ancestor of the Brumell family was present for his plantation was close by.

The visitors formed in couples, headed by the bridegroom, each being presented with a sprig of orange blossom by a girl with a loaded tray. Having arranged and ordered the Master or bridegroom led the way, without a lady entering the drawing-room from the gallery. The elderly Dutchman gazed at his wife

in admiration and she smiled back upon him as he made a very low bow and placed his posey in her lap. He was followed by the pairs who also bowed and laid their sprigs at her feet: all then took their places at the back of the room to allow for the big family to pass through.

Presently the great procession entered, headed by a band of a fiddler and several tom-toms with one or two African banjos. They might be compared to a rough Christy Minstrel troupe dancing and capering with joy to the amusement of the visitors. They also had sprigs of orange-blossoms and in their own way bowed and curtsied to the bride as they laid their flowers at her feet. Behind the minstrels came a lot of naked children, which suggested to the visitor that they were Cupids like what he had seen in vignettes and pictures. They jumped and twisted about with the joy of life and helped to make an amusing ceremony instead of a formality. Every little child looked up to Missie for she was the fairy godmother to them. Their antics as they placed their flowers at Missie's feet were possibly something like those of the old worshippers of Bacchus who also carried flowers and garlands.

Boys and girls came next hand in hand smiling and grinning at each other and the Missie. The bows and curtseys were not always correct but that did not matter; everyone was enjoying the scene. The procession passed out at an opposite door but as four hundred couples were present it took some time. Mothers with very young babies, held their infants up to the Missie as if to glory in the fact that these were additions to the happy family. Old daddies and mammies came near the end, some hobbling, but all pleased to be there and to be admitted into the great house. A few more minstrels came and after they had passed the band in the gallery struck up "God save the King."

After breakfast the visitors looked on at the feasting and dancing outside. Sugar and rum had been distributed freely and as a matter of course fruit was allowed to be picked without reservation. There were dandy negroes then as there are now and their fashionable clothes were not always worn like those of the Massa. A man might have a blue coat with nothing else but a pair of "shorts" or only a flowered vest. But they kicked up "Jack's Delight" and danced "Joe and Johnny" to their heart's content. Of course there was a great din but no one complained for it was a real holiday. There was a grand ball at 7 o'clock for the visitors but only the negroes danced all night.

Next day when work was resumed St. Clair walked round the plantation and saw a new coffee logie which had cost £5,000. The people were working and in good humour, those who pounded the coffee with long pestles keeping time and singing to the strokes. I may note here that Captain Marryat said nothing of the shady side of slavery, though they felt the tyranny of the Naval Officers.

Everything about the plantation was in order and we can be sure that Massa was like some others who deplored anything like discord. Few of us see that punishment is discord and that where love is it is at least very rare.

2.—Friendship and True Love.

Jack Huntley and Harry Wilkins were born in the same English town, played together as boys, went to the same school and were apprenticed to the same carpenter. When therefore they were both "out of their time" and a Demerara planter wanted two carpenters to teach his negroes their trade they offered themselves and were accepted.

Arrived in Demerara they went to the estate Profit and Loss to help make the carpenters we have to-day. They occupied the same cottage and remained fast friends for life. Their work was arduous for at that time (about 1790) new buildings were being erected everywhere. The planters chose the brightest of the young negroes and coloured boys to be trained and naturally the coloured boys were the best workers.

Like other young men they soon got girls but at that time marriage was out of the question. Their wages were low and the girls of that day were as fond of dress and finery as they are now. We cannot say much of Jack's sweethearts for they do not come into this little story, which deals with Harry and his handsome girl Celia.

Celia was the daughter of an overseer who had died as so many others did when the estates were being empoldered. She was one of the house girls much petted in childhood by Missie and the belle of the plantation. Several overseers wanted her but Missie and Massa were not tyrants and therefore when she chose Harry they made no objections.

Harry and Celia were man and wife according to the fashion or custom of the time and they loved each other dearly. She was allowed to live in the little cottage as far as her house duties would permit and Jack treated her as a sister with the greatest respect. All through the troubles which followed Harry's friend remained "true as steel;" we may compare the friends to "Orestes and Pylades."

Harry's love was mixed with fear, for he hated that his dear Celia should remain a slave. True there were few drawbacks, they lived and enjoyed their lives and Celia did not complain. But Harry felt different and began to save every guilder to get enough to buy her freedom; he even denied her requests for fine clothes and jewellery. When he found that a baby was coming he became what the negroes called mean; his heart revolted from the idea that his child should be born a slave. Of course Jack was as anxious as his friend and at last they resolve to speak to Massa and Missie. By clubbing together

they got five hundred guilders, which they offered as an instalment of the price of Celia's freedom.

Massa and Missie were sympathetic but Massa saw some difficulties. Missie said give her to Harry, but Massa had creditors who would enquire very closely if the human property of the estate were reduced. Harry was much liked and in those days such unions were quite proper and most of the white cared little for their children. Harry, however, was very sad as he offered to pay their little hoard as an instalment. Massa said she was worth 2,000 guilders as a neighbouring planter had offered as much.

Poor Harry was confounded "Oh, sir, you could not sell my Celia?" Mass re-assured him by stating that he had already refused the offer. Harry and Jack begged Massa to take their savings as an instalment of the value to the estate, though Harry thought Celia was worth more than her weight in gold. It was ultimately agreed that Celia should be sold to Harry for 1,500 guilders ($600) and that he should sign a note without limit of time for the balance. Three-fourths of the wages of the two friends were to be retained from time to time to reduce the balance.

Harry thus became owner of Celia as a willing slave to him but to no other master. She was, however, such an excellent house-girl that Missie employed her, giving board and presents but no wages. The couple were very poor but the proverbial "love in a cottage" was exemplified.

In due time a baby boy was born and Celia declared that he was fair like his father. This arrival added to the anxieties of Harry but his friend Jack was always at hand to cheer him. The friends took in turns to fondle the baby, and when Harry looked at the mother and child he thought deeply of his responsibilities and wondered whether he should ever be able to pay for them. He knew that his wife and child were not really free for there was the obligation to complete the payment. Jack was always more cheerful, but fortunately he had not the same trouble. Meanwhile, they did good work in erecting a large coffee-logie and improving the negro huts. Their assistants were very good when under direction but could not be left alone for any length of time. It followed therefore that the friends worked from morning till night. Harry and Jack both looked forward to the evening, when by the light of a tiny oil-lamp they could look upon Celia and the baby. Jack was as pleased as the father, and perhaps more hopeful, for Harry felt the great burden of his responsibility.

In those days men worked hard, drank hard, and were generally careless as to rain or sunshine. Harry was not so strong as Jack and he began to suffer from fever and ague. With sickness he naturally felt more anxious and though Jack and Celia helped to keep up his spirits he was virtually worried to death.

What a shock to poor Jack! The strong man did not weep like Celia, but everytime he thought of Harry a choking of the throat hampered the cheering words he wanted to utter. Massa and Missie did all they could to mitigate the blow, allowed the body to be buried in the garden where the family had their little cemetery surrounded by cabbage-palms, and generally did more than some planters and their ladies might have done. We can say however that good feeling was more prominent in the olden time than it is to-day, for the white people were friendly and hospitable.

Jack spoke to Massa about Celia and promised to do all he could for her as a brother. The notes had been somewhat reduced but hardly half the appraised value of Celia had been paid. This was done in time and nominally the widow and her child were free. Those who knew the circumstances were friendly and praised Jack for what he had done.

But the form of manumission had not been carried out for the big fees and deposit to the Church and Poor's fund could not be raised by the willing friend. It followed therefore that, legally, Celia and her boy were not free. Jack could do no more than try to keep them as respectable as possible and this he did.

Then came a "bolt from the blue." A Committee of the Court of Policy was set to enquire into the claims of all free coloured and black people. They sat and listened to many pathetic tales and read a host of written petitions, among them came Jack's story which even in formal language gave a picture of friendship rarely fond in the world. There were other stories of great struggles for freedom, such as that of a poor woman who bought herself by making and selling cakes, children left free by will but never properly manumitted, people from the West Indian Islands without papers, as well as some who claimed on the ground that they had been to England. It must have been difficult and painful to enforce the laws which said that only legal manumissions were valued. In several cases, however, of which Celias was one they agreed to grant manumissions without fees and Celia and her boy could lift up their heads.

We can try to picture Jack rushing to tell her as he heard the decision but we cannot follow them any further, for my story begins and must end with Jack's petition. From that I was able to picture the two friends but Jack did not "blow his own trumpet," hence I have tried to do it for him. To make the picture I have naturally added a little to the story as I found it in the Colonial Records; I have also changed the names.

TRUTH WILL OUT.

ALL my life long I praised my neighbour; he
All of *his* life said only ill of me.
But I was well avenged: the world, forsooth,
Knew neither of us ever spoke the truth!

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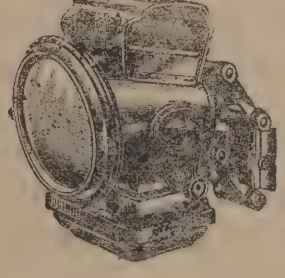

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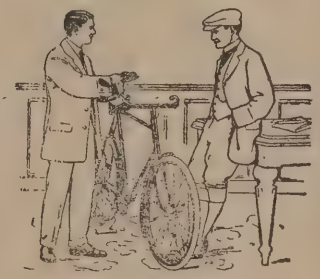

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B.S.A. List Free.

HACK'S CORNER,

HINCKS AT REGENT,

'Phone 581. - - P.O. Box 57.

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WHAT impression does YOUR printing make on your Clients?

Do you realise that INDIFFERENTLY PRINTED communications stamp your establishment as being "cheap" and receive equally INDIFFERENT TREATMENT?

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Telegraphic Address :
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S. Davson & Co., Ltd.,

IMPORTERS. ESTABLISHED 1816. EXPORTERS.

New Amsterdam, Berbice,
BRITISH GUIANA.

Steamship, Commission & Insurance Agents.

General Hardware & Lumber Merchants.

Grocers & Provision Dealers.

Stationers, Booksellers & Printers.

General Dry Goods, Millinery, Men's Wear, Tailoring, Boots & Shoes.

Chemists & Druggists.

Wholesale & Retail.

The Store of Values and Service.

CONSIGNMENTS INVITED.

S. Davson & Co., Ltd.,

London. - - Berbice. - - Demerara.

THE
FIGHTING COCK SPIRIT SHOP.
56, Brickdam,
—o—

The Proprietor begs to thank his numerous friends and Patrons for the patronage given him during the Year and solicits their continued patronage in the coming one.

The Best of Liquors can be had at all times at prices to SUIT EVERYONE'S POCKET.

OUR
BERBICE STORE,
SITUATED AT
Main Street, New Amsterdam, Berbice,

carries the best and latest goods suitable for the Festive Season. To our Berbice customers we extend the SEASON'S GREETINGS and entertain the same hope as with our Georgetown customers.

JOHN CHUNG TIAM FOOK

56, Brickam, Georgetown. **Shoe Lane & Main Street, New Amsterdam, Berbice.**

The Creole Grocery
14, Pitt Street, New Amsterdam.

A COSY CORNER AND THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND.
—:o:—

Replete with all necessary Provisions to appease the most fastidious appetites.

Soon or Late I am just here to meet your most pressing demands.

My Motto is:
"I LIVE FOR YOU BECAUSE I LIVE BY YOU."
—:o:—

SEE ME

for your Requisites for the Xmas Season and be convinced of my intention to please you.

JNO. H. BARKIE,
Proprietor.

Pitt Street, New Amsterdam.

F. SAM,
General Provision & Hardware Merchant,
Corner High & Church Streets, New Amsterdam, & Pln. Bath, West Coast, Berbice.

Modern times are hard but we are prepared to cater to both rich and poor, everything to suit everybody's pocket.

I also cater for the East Indian in the following lines, viz:
Brass Ware, Beads, Tinsel Thread, Indian Hemp, Massalla, etc., etc.
Fresh supplies of all provisions for both Wholesale & Retail Departments.
Attendants apt, and Prices right.

Wishing our Customers a Happy Xmas & a Prosperous New Year.

Telephone 97.
P.O. Box 91.

Bankers: Royal Bank of Canada.

Geo. E. Ferrell & Brother,

RELIABLE WATCHMAKERS & JEWELLERS,

Main & New Streets, New Amsterdam, Berbice.

Experience gained and Workmanship proved. make us the Premier House in New Amsterdam for the cheapest and the best Jewellery including :

Wristlet Watches (the reliable kind), Gold Milanese Bangles, Nugget Brooches, Souvenir Brooches, Links, and Earrings, Necklets, Tie-pins, Silver Serviette Rings.

We specialize in Jewellery manufactured by us by reliable workmen.

Beauty excels in 18 carat Engagement and Birthday Rings set with real Diamonds and Rubies, Emeralds, Sapphires, Amethysts, etc.

Send your Watches and Clocks, we guarantee absolute satisfaction.

Our Annual Prize Drawing is carried on on such fair lines that patrons from all parts participate. Try and be convinced.

G. E. FERRELL,
Main & New Streets, New Amsterdam, Berbice.

DOOKHAN,

EAST INDIAN DRY GOODS MERCHANT,

TAILOR & OUTFITTER,

PITT STREET, - - - NEW A STERDAM.

—:o:—

My rivals marvel at the prices I sell at, but the old adage of the quick cent meets the demands of the masses ; every Customer a Satisfied Customer.

The following lines I deal in, viz—

Drills, Tweeds, Tussores, Trouserings, Suitings, Collars, Ties in all styles, Hats, Boots and Shoes, Voiles, Silks, Piques, Zephyrs, Fancy Dress-stuffs Cottons, etc., etc.

—:o:—

Tailoring Department

is the WONDER DEPARTMENT :—

Drill Suits, $4.00, Tweed Suits, $10.00 Tussore Suits, $6.00 and various other prices.

My object is to please everybody.

Berbice Stables & Motor Garage,

NEW AMSTERDAM.

THE PROPRIETOR

takes this opportunity of wishing his Patrons and the General Public a Merry Xmas and a Prosperous New Year.

HE ALSO BEGS TO INFORM HIS NUMEROUS CUSTOMERS THAT HE HAS REMOVED BACK TO HIS OLD STAND IN ST. ANN STREET.

Two New and Reliable Motor Cars kept for Hire

AT 16 CENTS PER MILE.

To & from Georgetown $20 not including Ferry.

THE UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT

is complete with Cedar, Stained, Polished, and other Coffins at very Cheap Prices. Tombs and Vaults undertaken at Moderate Prices.

To patronize the above Garage you are certain to save money and be pleasant in mind—even after a Funeral.

All Day & Night Service.—'Phone No. 79.

EGBERTIS GONSALVES,
Proprietor & Chauffeur.

Julio de Freitas, Limited,

NEW AMSTERDAM.

Wholesale and Retail Spirit Dealers—Manufacturers of Aerated Drinks—and Grocers.

OUR Berbice Rum IS THE RUM. Connoisseurs declare it to be the REAL GENUINE STUFF, matured by age and made with the best ingredients. It Stimulates and adds New Life to the Crippled and Aged.

WHISKY, BRANDY, GIN, LIQUEURS, WINES, BEER, STOUT, ALE, Etc., Etc., all the Leading Brands.

OUR AERATED FACTORY

Is now thoroughly renewed with an Up-to-Date Plant and nothing else but the Real Genuine Sparkling Aerated Drinks Manufactured. OUR CROWN CORKING MACHINE can hardly meet the Pressing Demands for DRINKS.

SODA WATER AND OTHER DRINKS — *A Speciality.*

SEND YOUR ORDERS FOR GROCERIES AND GIVE US THE TEST OF PROVING OURSELVES.

NOTE THE ADDRESS:—

Corner Pitt & High Streets. New Amsterdam.

ANTONIO SOARES & Co.,

THE FIRM OF SOME REPUTE, ESTABLISHED FOR THE PAST 81 YEARS AND STILL NOT OUT.

Retail Spirit Dealers, Wholesale & Retail Merchants, Grocers, and Gasolene and Motor Oil Vendors.

Soda Water and General Aerated Water Factory run by Modern and Up-to-date Plant, hence the Firm leads and others follow.

Our "OLD BERBICE" RUM soothes the Stomach and gladdens the Heart, not a Headache in any bottle

We stock the best of:

Wines, Malt Liquors, Brandy, Whisky, and Gin, of all the leading Brands.

OUR GROCERY,

a thorn in the flesh of many of our Rivals, is noted for its cheapness and keep to the poor man, and along with it we keep a Wholesale Department which benefits the "middle man."

OUR MOTOR DEPARTMENT

run at lot 7, Charlotte Street, meets the requirements in TRINIDAD GASOLENE, designed to be the Saviour of Motor Traffic, and it pays handsomely.

NOTE ADDRESSES—

17, Lad Lane & High St., 18, Kent St., and 7, Charlotte St.

A. R. SOARES,
Attorney and General Manager.

There is everything for you this Christmastide at

RAMDEHOLL'S STORE.

Complete lines in Hardware, Enamelware, Glassware, Chinaware, Ironmongery, Cricket & Cycle Goods, Ropes & Twines.

Genuine Ford Motor Accessories, Goodrich Motor Tyres, Silvertown Heavy Tubes—Ford Size—always in Stock.

Gramaphones & Records at remarkable prices.

Stationery & School Books, Slates & Pencils, Chalk & Ink.

New Stock of Wines, Groceries & Provisions.

A Happy Christmas and a Bright and Prosperous New Year to all.

R. RAMDEHOLL,

10, Strand, New Amsterdam,

Telephone No. 78. **Berbice.**

WREFORD'S VALUES—

The Best is the Cheapest.

Our **FANCY DEPARTMENT** is showing a choice selection of Voiles, Mousseline DeSoie, Silk Shanto, Silk Shantung, Victoria Crepe, Sponge Cloth suitable for making Jumpers and the latest shapes and styles in Hats.

GENTS' DEPARTMENT.

This Department carries a varied stock in Tweeds of the most exclusive designs and our Tailoring continues to maintain its high standard of Efficiency, Perfection in fit, Excellence in finish and Promptness in delivery. We have a fine selection in Shirts, Linen Collars, Soft Collars and Ties in plain Poplin and Variegated colours.

BOOT DEPARTMENT.

In Footwear we are offering startling values in Men's Black, Brown and White Boots and Shoes, also in Ladies and Children's Black and Tan.

OUR GROCERY.

Is fully stocked with a fresh supply of all that is dainty and delicate in Peak Frean's and Jacobs' Biscuits, Chocolates in Slabs, Boxes and Tins. Tinned Cakes, Preserved Fruits, Liqueurs and Aerated drinks. In this Department all the items are too numerous to mention. Also a fine assortment of Toys, Dolls, Games and many pretty and useful articles suitable for Xmas presents, including a fine selection of Xmas and New Year Cards.

Don't forget our **HARDWARE DEPARTMENT,** which is fully stocked with Household furnitures, Kitchen Utensils, Glass, Earthen and Enamel ware, Paints, Varnishes, Picture Mouldings and Wall papers.

Now Pay Us a Visit and be Convinced.

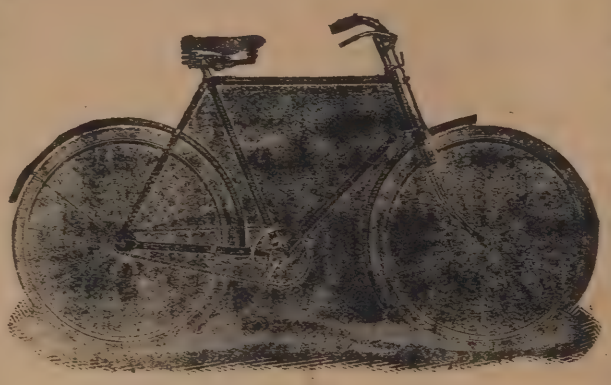
Compliments of the Season to all our Patrons.

'Phone No. 29. **Opposite Colonial Bank,**

The Guianese Cycle Depôt

JUST RECEIVED

A Shipment of BRINDIA Cycles.

BRINDIA  CYCLES

ONLY A LOOK WILL CONVINCE YOU.

For all other CYCLE ACCESSORIES see us. We would be only too pleased to quote you Prices.

We also Stock Tyres of all kinds.

THE GUIANESE CYCLE DEPOT, 17 & 18, Croal Street,

'Phone 637. **OPPOSITE SCOTCH CHURCH.**

LEEDS LEATHER WORKS,

(ESTB. 1907.)

—o—

Tanners, Boot Manufacturers and Repairers.

MANUFACTURERS OF

First Quality Sole & Upper Leathers.

—o—

We are prepared to start your job Right, carry it through Right and finish it up Right, making you a better boot cheaper in double quick time.

To be convinced, give us a trial and so

SUPPORT LOCAL INDUSTRY.

J. M. KENDALL,

PROPRIETOR.

35, Strand, New Amsterdam — — 59, Bent Street, Georgetown.

W. J. Barrington,

Contractor and Master-Builder.

As time progresses greater experience is achieved, and greater satisfaction also given to those who require to put to the test my qualification to Design, Build and finish their Dwellings.

SPECIFICATION SUBMITTED AT SHORT NOTICE.

ADDRESS :

23, High Street, New Amsterdam.

THE PITT STREET

Hardware & Novelty Store,

IMPORTERS OF

Hardware, Enamel Ware, Ironmongery, Bicycle Sundries, etc., etc.

TOILET SETS, LEMONADE SETS AND EARTHENWARE MUGS, BASINS, CUPS AND SAUCERS

and a Variety of other Necessaries for Household Uses.

TOYS. - TOYS. - TOYS.

A Large Assortment to select from.

Bring the Children and gladden their hearts this Festive Season,

BICYCLE ACCESSORIES. GOLD & SILVER JEWELLERY

All genuine Articles.

To see me, is to please me, no unreasonable prices.

The Pitt Street Bazaar.

R. CARRINGTON, Proprietor.

The Canje Fancy and Cheapside Store,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Dry Goods, Enamel & Earthenware Goods, Groceries, and Toilet Requisites.

Every Department is replete with Goods to meet the demands for the coming FESTIVE SEASON.

All are Invited.

Inspection proves the value of our varied Stock, and all Depression dispelled by seeing **Everything for Everybody.**

PERFECTLY NEW GOODS AT OLD PRICES.

Give us a Trial and be convinced of our Capability to satisfy you in PRICES and QUALITY

THE CHEAPSIDE STORE,

CHAS. V. ANNAMANTHADO, Proprietor

Xmas - Compliments of the Season—1922.

MRS. E. MAHADEO,

General Provision Merchant,

STRAND, NEW AMSTERDAM.

Well known by repute and managed by principals of experience and ability. - - - Caters to the public for general requirements. - - -

AND EXPORTER OF LOCAL PRODUCE,

INCLUDING

RICE, COCOANUTS, Etc.

Success to our Patrons for 1923,

And a Continuance of Patronage Solicited.

STRAND. NEW AMSTERDAM.

T. MOOK SANG,

18, Strand, New Amsterdam.

GENERAL DRY GOODS MERCHANT, RETAIL SPIRIT AND PROVISION DEALER.

THE Public are invited to give us a call and be convinced as to our capability to meet the demands of the poor and middle man

HONEST PRICES,
COURTEOUS ATTENDANTS,
AND QUICK DESPATCH

being our Watchword.

Season's Greetings to all our Patrons

T. MOOK SANG, - 18, Strand.

Heirs L. deMENDONCA, Ltd.

Pln. Port Mourant and Rose Hall Village,

CORENTYNE, BERBICE.

Wholesale and Retail Merchants and Spirit Dealers.

Our "Old Corentyne" Rum is second to none. We stock the best qualities of Rum.

Wines, Liqueurs, Gins, Champagne, Ginger Ale, Whiskies, Mineral and Aerated Waters, Tobacco, and Cigarettes.

Provision and Groceries and all manner of Table Delicacies. Our Fancy Dry Goods is as Up-to-Date as any in the Metropolis, it will be difficult to find out what we have not got in Stock.

Our Clerks can be depended on for their Affability and Civility to our Customers.

We are exceedingly grateful to you for your patronage in the past and respectfully solicit a continuance wishing you the Compliments of the Season.

W. A. de MENDONCA, - - : **JESSIE R. PITT,**

Chairman. Secretary.

XMAS, 1922.

Pitt Street Tinware Factory

AND

Tire Repairing Station

has Removed to more commodious premises lately occupied by

R. HIKEL, Pitt Street,

WHERE YOU CAN OBTAIN

Frying Pans, Dripping Pans, Bread Pans, Toilet Pails, Buckets, Milk Cans, etc., etc.

MODERN AND UP-TO-DATE MACHINERY

MAKES US THE PREMIER PLACE IN NEW AMSTERDAM FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF

House-service Pipes, Receivers, Gutters, Kitchen Sinks, and everything appertaining to this line of business.

OUR MOTTO IS:—

Honest Prices, Good Workmanship, Quick Despatch.

MOTOR CAR TYRES Repaired on the Premises with promptitude, by latest up-to-date Appliances, and you can also HIRE a Motor Car for Drives, Funerals, Weddings, Etc.

Wishing our Patrons a Bright and Prosperous New Year.

SAMUEL A. MARKS, Proprietor.

PITT STREET. NEW AMSTERDAM.

The Berbice Steam Saw Mill & Foundry Company, Limited.

Lots 2, 3 & 4, Strand, New Amsterdam, Berbice, British Guiana, South America.

Cable Address:
"Halcyon," Berbice,
British Guiana.

SAW MILLERS.

Codes:
A.B.C. 5th Edition,
Lieber's, Bentley's.

Colonial Lumber and Timber Merchants, Brass and Iron Founders, Engineers, and Contractors to the Government of British Guiana.

SPECIALITIES :—

The famous B.G. Greenheart (classed A 1 at Lloyds) in Hewn Timber and Sawn as Scantlings, Planks and Boards, highly recommended for Shipbuilding & Railway Carriages, Trucks, etc.

MORA FOR RAILWAY SLEEPERS, Etc.,

CRABWOOD, ALSO KNOWN AS B.G. MAHAGONY.

Gasolene & Motor Oils, Sold from Self-registering Pumps.

For further particulars apply to—

THE GENERAL MANAGER,

Berbice Steam Saw Mill & Foundry Co., Ltd.

THE WHITE LIGHT STORE.

WE have just completed extensive additions to the building thereby making room for large supplies of goods we are receiving daily.

Our prices are cheaper than Water Street so give us a trial and be convinced.

In the FANCY DEPT. we have a beautiful Assortment of - -

Ladies & Children Trimmed & Untrimmed HATS, FOULARDS, SILKS, VOILES, SPONGE CLOTH, TOBRALCOS, ZEPHYRS

and several other lines too numerous to mention.

In the GENTS' DEPT. we have a fine Assortment of - -

GENTS' FELT HATS (Velour), MAHOGANY and BROWN BROGUE SHOES, also in WHITE BUFF, GILLETTE RAZORS, TIES, SHIRTS

and several other items concerning this department kept in stock.

De SOUZA & MENDONCA, Proprietors.

SMYTH & LEOPOLD STREETS.

THE SURPRISE BAZAAR.

We thank you for your past patronage and solicit the continuance of same during the Coming Season.

We Specialise in GENTS' GOODS, Etc., Etc.

PAY US A VISIT

will surely mean Business to the mutual advantage of both.

We have a fine Assortment of:

SHIRTS, STRAW HATS, FELT HATS, WHITE AND BROWN BROGUE SHOES, also in BOOTS and several other items too numerous to mention.

In the FANCY DEPT. we have a fine Selection of:

SILKS, SATEENS, FOSCOS (Plain and Flowered), TOBRALCOS, GABARDINE, LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HATS, ALLOVERS, VOILES, INDIAN HEAD in all widths, etc.

A FILM EVENING—

ANY EVENING CAN BE A FILM EVENING—
BRIGHT—CHEERY—ENTERTAINING,
THERE'S A "MOVIE" HOUSE IN TOWN WHERE
GOOD FRIENDS ALWAYS MEET.

THE GAIETY

PARAMOUNT PICTURES.

Controlled by the Olympic Theatres, Ltd. **W. P. HUMPHREY,** *Managing Director.*

M. T. BRAZAO & Co.

MR. M. J. DE FREITAS, until recently Managing Director of Messrs. Antonio d'Andrade & Co., Ltd., begs to intimate to his past patrons and the general public that he has now acquired the business of M. T. Brazao & Co., situate at Lots 9 & 10 Holmes Street, This business is now being run by him, under his personal supervision and he hereby solicits patronage and undertakes to do all in his power to please his customers.

Just Received ex Recent Arrivals:

Picture Mouldings, all sizes; Ice Cream Freezers, 2, 3 and 4 quarts; Water Coolers 2, 3 and 4 gallons; Victor Lanterns, Tapered Hand-saw Files, 4, 4½, 5, 6 and 8 in. Jet Oil, Coffin Furniture, Wicks, Wallace Tin Basting Spoons, 14 & 16 in., Regal Roofing, Wall Paper in pretty designs, Trunk and Cabinet Locks, Hat and Coat Hooks, etc.

ALSO IN STOCK:—

Empty Oil Drums and Second-Hand Roof Slates.

Chair Seats, Furniture Varnish and Furniture Oils, Hubbuck's White Zinc, Paints, raw and boiled Linseed Oil, Turpentine, Enamel Paints, Gold Paints, Pen Paints, Calcitine Distemper Paints, Bedstead Transfers, Paint Brushes, Window Glass, Crown, Plate and Windshield Glass, all sizes Mirrors in plain and bevelled edges, and other articles too numerous to mention.

All orders from town or country or from any county, promptly attended to.

M. T. BRAZAO & CO.,
9 & 10, Holmes Street, Georgetown, Dem., 25th Nov., 1922.

Xmas is Almost Here

And, MADAM, through not sending your daughter to

The Lincoln Grammar School

SHE CAN ONLY EAT THE DAINTIES
YOU WILL PROVIDE, INSTEAD OF
BEING ABLE TO MAKE THEM.

DADDY, you will have no hand-made slippers to keep your feet warm, and what is more, Sonny will not be able to assist you in getting up that Xmas List by means of halves and even quarters, seeing that you get no Bonus this year.

Lest this should repeat itself next year, be in time for the SPRING TERM which commences on the

15th January, 1923.

For further particulars apply to

MRS. ESTHER E. DEY
Principal.

The Onward March!

1919-1920: Started business in Manget Place under very trying conditions but doing the best possible, despite shortcomings.

1921: Removed to more commodious premises in Brickdam offering greater facilities.

1922: Revolutionizing of business by the introduction of machinery—the first arriving we expect in time for the Xmas trade.

1923: Additional machinery to be gradually introduced for all departments.

P.S.—There is nothing like a settled plan and then—Death or Victory!

DEMERARA DYE WORKS.

C. B. ROCK,

'Phone 621. H. Brickdam.

UNCLE SAM RETAIL SPIRIT SALOON,

Corner America & Longden Streets.

THIS spacious, Cool, Commodious and Up-to-date Establishment has just been renovated and repainted, which makes for its picturesque and sanitary condition. All the apartments are fitted with electric bells, etc.

— **ATTENDANCE BY BARMAIDS.** —

The lively Music discoursed all day long help to make you enjoy my "SPECIAL."

The Bars are filled with the choicest

— LIQUEURS AND LIQUORS. —

Try the "UNCLE SAM" unequalled Rum and be convinced of its genuine quality and flavour.

A. F. D'ANDRADE, Proprietor.

M. S. JARDIM

(The Premier House of Bartica)

Freight Agent for the Gold and Diamond Fields, Mazaruni and Puruni.

My Prices for Shipment are :

Buck Canister, 6c. per lb , Kurupung and Eping, 7c. per lb.

BOATS, TACKLINGS, ETC., ALWAYS ON HIRE

I am also in a position to supply the best quality of Provisions.

My Vintages are MALVASIA & MUSCATEL WINES.

LODGING ACCOMMODATION AT REASONABLE RATES.

See Me for the New Year and be convinced.

Cyclists, Take Notice!!!

When Your Bicycle goes out of repairs, and you have tried other sources and have not succeeded before condemning it, see

W. CLARKE,

3, AMERICA STREET

(Late of Longden Street).

Enamelling a Speciality.

My numerous customers can speak of my punctuality.

Broken Frames Brazed and made new with a Guarantee.

A Special shipment of Cycle accessories expected momently.

A Happy Christmas to all my Friends.

Georgetown, - - - 1922.

BREAD! BREAD!! BREAD!!!

Which is the more Grammatical to say ?

I cannot eat Bread ? or I can't eat Bread ?

I certainly don't know, as the Grammatical part don't interest me ;

IT IS THE QUALITY.

But what I am really certain about is, I cannot eat everybody's BREAD. But I certainly can eat and enjoy LAWRENCE'S BREAD made at his Bakery in LAD LANE.

Refined Bread—Nice Spongy Bread—Enticing Bread—made from

HIGHEST QUALITY CANADIAN FLOUR.

Prove it for yourselves my Dear Friends by sending an Order now.

FLUTED ROLLS A SPECIALITY.

Motor Cars! Motor Cars!!

On the Premises two new Motor Cars are at your service driven by Competent & Civil Chauffeurs.

JAS. A. LAWRENCE,

LAD LANE BAKERY.

XMAS—Compliments of the Season—1922.

Of Interest to Merchants and Others.

I beg to inform the Public in General that I have just opened a Letter-Press Printery at the address given where work of all description can be undertaken.

You can rely on having prompt and reliable service with the most satisfaction.

Personal supervision at all times, coupled with moderate charges.

I feel confident that in the event of your wanting anything done you will consult me.

J. E. TAYLOR,

Printer & Bookbinder.

109, Regent Street, Lacytown,
Georgetown, Demerara, B.G.

Electrical Shoe Repairing

WITH THE

Landis Shoe Machinery.

SHOES REPAIRED. SHOES REPAIRED.

SAFETY FIRST!

Don't go around with bad shoes on your feet and encourage Filaria or impair your health,

Always see to it that your shoe soles are good.

You can have genuine Leather, Waterproof or Keystone Rubber Soles attached on your shoes to absorb the shocks that tire you out. All materials are good imported stock.

PRICES ARE CHEAP TOO.

Work done while you wait. Work called for and delivered

AMERICAN SHOE REPAIRING ESTABLISHMENT.

D. A. KING,
Proprietor.

20, Regent Street.

STOP AT THE

TOWN HALL BAR

AND MAKE YOUR CHRISTMAS PURCHASES. IT WILL PAY YOU **100%.**

If you have not tried our SPECIAL

Fruit Cured Rum

THEN YOU NEED TO DO SO.

We also carry a Full Stock of all Popular Brands of Wines, Liqueurs, Whiskies, Gin, etc., etc.

Also **Cigars & Cigarettes.**

REMEMBER

that this BAR is centrally situated and is the most decent and up-to-date Hostelry in the City. It is fitted with Electric Fans to keep the air cool and refreshing, while you are being entertained with music from the "ELECTROVA" PLAYER PIANO. - - - -

We wish our large circle of Friends and Patrons

The Season's Greetings

and assure them that the same Courteous Attention and Superiority of our Supplies which have attracted them - - to our BAR in the past will continue to exist. - -

M. GOMES, Manager. Mrs. M. A. S. DeFREITAS Proprietress.

THE ROYAL ROAD TO HEALTH

IS FOUND ON PHONE 530.

Feel that buying is like reading a book and that the buyer who "takes a Chance" by his carelessness in the selection of DRINKS in general is like the Student who studies part of his lesson and guesses the rest.

To avoid this see that you get no other RUM than that of FRUIT CURED now on sale at the

Russian Bear Spirit Shop, Bookers' Amalgamated Groceries and J. P. Santos, Ltd., Berbice.

OUR GUARANTEE:—

I am of opinion that the Sample consists of a pleasantly flavoured spirit of well marked purity:—J. B. HARRISON, M.A., C.M.G., Government Analyst.

WISHING ONE AND ALL

A Happy XMAS and a Prosperous NEW YEAR.

CALL FOR A CALENDAR OR BALLOON.

RUSSIAN BEAR SPIRIT SHOP,

Opposite Sandbach, Parker's old Premises. - - - Charlestown

I. R. GULLIVER'S GOLD & SILVER-SMITHING ESTABLISHMENT

IN PITT STREET, NEW AMSTERDAM, BERBICE.
New Premises for Better Business.

MY MOTTO IS TO PLEASE YOU ALWAYS:
Honesty, Prompt Delivery, Guaranteed Articles.

GUARANTEED WORKMANSHIP.

— Gilding and Plating a Speciality. —

ALWAYS ON HAND—A fine assortment of latest designed Jewellery at Lowest Prices.
PHOTO MEDALLIONS, TOYS, ORNAMENTS, ETC., ETC.

— Old Gold and Silver Bought or Exchanged. —

BERTIE C. VERVUURT, Country Agent.

Thanking you for your Patronage in the past and wishing my Patrons
A Merry Xmas and a Healthy & Prosperous New Year.

(SEND YOUR ORDERS, NO MATTER HOW SMALL.)

Repairs Neatly Done.

I. H. GULLIVER, Jeweller.

Professional Announcement.

A spotted Mirror is an EYESORE to the neat and well-appointed room.
Then, too, it is NOT SERVICEABLE.

SEND THEM TO ME.

All my work is done by the best known FRENCH METHOD, and I am equipped to HANDLE all Mirrors for re-silvering as well as new ones made for all purposes.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

All I ask is an OPPORTUNITY to prove my claim.

Charges Reasonable.

A. M. PEREIRA.
135, Waterloo Street.

Jewellery

¶ MAKES THE MOST ACCEPTABLE GIFT For All Occasions.

¶ The latest Novelties will always be found at

G. H. CLARKE,

Hincks & Robb Streets,

(London Toilet Coy.)

N.B.—Large Stock of—

HIGH-CLASS PERFUMERY

—AND TOILET REQUISITES—

Just Opened.

The Xmas Season

Cannot be well spent unless you acquire the very many danties that make for its enjoyment.

We offer you the best that can be obtained *" in the street "*—

TOFFEES, BISCUITS,
SWEETS, DATES,
PRUNES, RAISINS,
—AND CURRANTS—

For Greetings

To your fiancée or friend we stock the best in

XMAS CARDS.

Give us a call and be convinced of the genuine line of goods we have, which are too numerous to mention.

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY PREPARED.

Wishing You the Season's Greetings.

THE

Pharmaceutical Drug Store

140, CAMP STREET.

BRODIE & RAINER, LTD.,

Importers & Exporters,

Have the Largest Retail Drug Business in the West Indies and are the Largest Estate Contractors in the Colony.

WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,

Holding the Largest and Freshest Stock of Tinctures, Chemicals, &c.

GOLD AND DIAMOND EXPEDITIONS

Fitted up with Medicines at least possible cost, consistent with sound qualities.

MERCHANTS, AGENTS, MANAGERS, ESTATE OWNERS **find it most advantageous to buy from**

BRODIE & RAINER, LIMITED.,

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A. C. V. GOMES & Co.,

23, Saffon Street, Georgetown.

GENERAL IMPORTERS OF

Best Madeira Import Wines,

ALSO

Harrison's English White Zinc, Pure Linseed Oil, Turpentine, Putty and all requisites of Painting.

A Fine Assortment of Malt Liquor suitable for the coming Season.

We have re-opened our agency for GUINESS'S STOUT AND BASS' PALE ALE.

Also a Fine Selection of

Christmas and New Year Cards and Toilet Requisites.

A. C. V. GOMES,
Sole Proprietor.

We beg to notify the Public in general that when ordering your

BOOTS & SHOES

see that your Shoemaker purchases the leather from **deLima's Leather Store** who imports the best of Leather for such work.

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DeLIMA'S LEATHER STORE,

10, Commerce St., Georgetown.

THE MANAGEMENT OF THE

FAIR VIEW STORE, Camp St.,

AND THE

RED LIGHT STORE, Broad St.,

begs to thank their many Friends and Customers for their kind patronage during the past year and solicits a continuance of same during the coming one.

WITH BEST WISHES FOR A

BRIGHT & HAPPY XMAS

AND A

PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR.

A. C. BRAZAO,
Proprietor.

NEDDERMAN'S DRUG STORE,

Wishes his Customers and Friends A Happy Xmas and A Prosperous New Year and also thanks them for their kind Patronage extended him in the past year and solicits the continuance of same in the Coming One.

Our Usual Stock of - -

GERMAN TOYS, DOLLS, XMAS CARDS, also SWEET BISCUITS and TOILETS

can be seen at any time.

For the Festive Drives, hire either our

MOTOR CAR OR CARRIAGE.

Telephone No. 489.

Nedderman's Drug Store,

REGENT & CAMP STREETS, - GEORGETOWN.

Cable Address:
"Nassy," Demerara.

Codes Used:
A.B.C. 6th Edition.

NASSY'S BOAT AND LAUNCH WORKS,

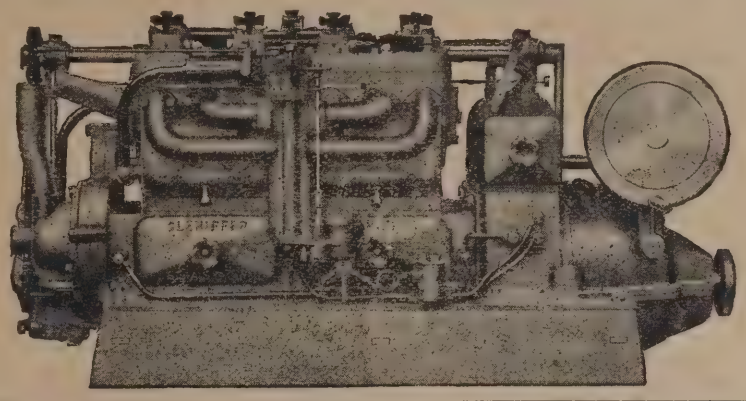
LA PENITENCE, DEMERARA.

"FOR WILLING SERVICE AND RELIABLE WORKMANSHIP."

Designer and Builder of every Type of Sail or Power Craft.

Sketches for new designs prepared and submitted free, send me your requirements. Complete Outfits can always be supplied. When Nassy's built BEAUTY, STRENGTH, and GENUINE worth are assured. A full equivalent in all dealings given to every Customer. We are now in a position to turn you out Boats faster than ever. Repairs and alterations of all classes undertaken.

Agent for Glenifer (English) Reliable Marine Motors, built from 10 b.h.p. in Medium and Heavy duty.



The right Engine for powering your work or pleasure boat, complete installation carried out.

TELEPHONE No. 232. **Cable Address: "CAMACHO."**

M. P. CAMACHO,

LOT 14, WATER STREET, WERK-EN-RUST,

WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANT,

General Provision, Hardware, Shipping & Commission Agent.

Firewood and Charcoal Contractor to the Government. Miller and Exporter of Rice of the Highest Quality. Exporter of all kinds of Colonial Produce such as Firewood, Charcoal, Wallaba, Shingles, Posts, Timber, etc., etc., etc.

Blender of the famous MILK CURED RUM certified by Government Analyst which can be obtained from his well known Retail Spirit Shop, "Railway Bar," Telephone No. 515, and other well known brands such as Cane Juice at Black Lion, Cherry at Peacock, Cherry Wine at Bull Dog, Coronation at Railway Bar, and in all of these, best grades of other Liquors such as Mount Gay and Stades Rum and Falernum from Barbados and highest Qualities of Gin, Brandy and Whisky. Best of Wines from Porto, Collares, Lisbon and Madeira. Supplier of Firewood in large and small quantities for both Household and Estates use. Agent and Owner of the Clipper Schooners "PEERLES" and "COMRADE" travelling regularly to Barbados and other Islands.

INQUIRIES SOLICITED.

GEORGETOWN, DEMERARA, B.G.

EDUCATION? IT PAYS.

TO Parents and Guardians, or those interested in Children. Have you thought of the Child's Education? Do you not realise that it pays, and pays handsomely, to educate your child? In these days of progress, it is the Brain that tells, and should you not consider it is incumbent on you to make provision for the Child's Education? The Society is in your midst to help you; if you fail to take advantage of the Assistance which is easily within your reach, and ultimately your Child's Education is neglected—curse yourself, aye, perhaps the child will hurl it at you.

In what way can the Society help you? Arrangement can be made for an Endowment Investment. Suppose your child is three years of age, you may take one Endowment Investment, or more, if you care to, for the benefit of the child, say, for 10 years. You pay monthly $1.75 for each Endowment; at the tenth year your payments stop,—come to an end. The child is now 13 years of age; just at this period school fees, books, and one-hundred-and-one other things tell on your scanty purse.

The Society is now by you, and comes to your rescue; for each Endowment Investment held you are paid $50 every year for five successive years, that is, if you have taken one Endowment the Society will pay you $50 every year for five years; if you have two Endowments, $100; three Endowments, $150 every year for five years, and so on. If you live, it's there; if you die, it's there; the child's education goes on. Endowment Investments are also issued for the term of 5 and 7 years, the payments being $3.50 and $2.50 per month respectively. Payments are also received quarterly, half-yearly, or yearly. If after three years it is desired to withdraw, the whole amount paid in with compound interest at 4% per annum is refunded; or should you before the expiration of three years, find it impossible to continue with the scheme, the premiums paid in are returned to you. In case of death of the applicant or parent, the legal guardian of the child may continue the Endowment; the secured benefit may also be transferred from one child to another child with the approval of the Society.

Ponder over it, ye parents, ye guardians, one and all! But one word more. How are you educating your child?

Are you raising your boy to be a spender? Are you teaching your girl to be a waster? Are you inculcating in your children no idea of economy and no habit of thrift? Are you teaching your children to SAVE their pennies, or to spend them at the Cinemas? Every child should have a Society account, started in his own name, and should be taught to contribute a portion of his "Saving" towards it. It's an education, it pays. If you are not teaching them to SAVE you are blighting their lives; you are handicaping their future.

No other Institution in the Colony does or aims to do the work of the B.G. BUILDING SOCIETY. It inculcates thrift systematically. It offers a special reward for fidelity to an ideal. It teaches business habits. It develops dignity of character, by helping the individual to help himself. In the BUILDING SOCIETY,

"Those SAVE who never SAVED before,
And SAVING ones—they SAVED the more."

EDUCATE YOUR CHILD!

SEND FOR FURTHER INFORMATION.

Application for Shares, etc., or other particulars will be courteously given to you either personally or by letter.

THE BRITISH GUIANA BUILDING SOCIETY, LIMITED,

"THE CORNER HOUSE."
Lot 1, High and Commerce Streets, Georgetown.

W. SIEVEWRIGHT STOBY, A.C.I.S.,
Secretary.

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CAMP & ROBB STREETS.

FURNITURE & HARDWARE MERCHANTS.

With the Compliments of the Season.

Our Store is central and new lines added daily, our prices are cheap.

A Fine Assortment of China Ware and Glassware on Show,

ALSO OUR USUAL STOCK OF FURNITURE.
THINGS THAT ARE REQUIRED JUST AT THIS SEASON.

ORDER EARLY.

BERNARD & CO.

A. J. DeSouza,

Wholesale and Retail Provision Merchant,

LOT 14, CROAL STREET.

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IMPORTER OF

American, English

AND

Lisbon Goods,

AND COMMISSION AGENT

For Local Products.

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DEALER IN

All Kinds of Foodstuffs.

P.O. Box 36. — Telephone 408.

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LIMITED.

General Merchants,

Commission and Shipping Agents,

21, WATER STREET.

—o—

IMPORTERS OF

English & American Goods.

—o—

WINES OF ALL SORTS.

INCLUDING:

CLARET & CHAMPAGNE.

For the Festive Season.

You want the most for your Money!

SEE

"BETTENCOURT'S"

Ladies will find our stock of Silks, Fancy Goods, Household Linens and Staples to be the best there is in the street—at the cheapest prices.

Gentlemen—the same thing applies to you! Every item is "par excellence" particularly our Tweeds and Serges, Boots and Shoes!

They must be seen to be appreciated.

G. Bettencourt & Co., Ltd.

PURIFIES THE MOUTH.

WHITENS THE TEETH.

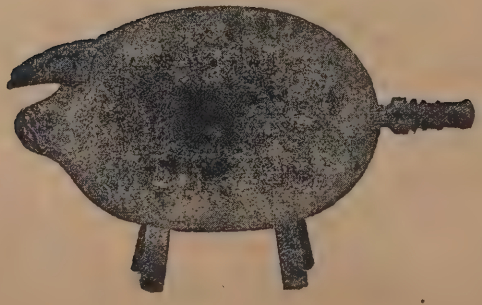
"PEBECO"

The **TOOTH PASTE** with a World-wide reputation of exceptional merit.

Be sure to get the genuine Pebeco, made by

P. Beiersdorf & CO.,

AT BOOKERS' OR YOUR NEAREST DRUG STORE.



Maple Brand Toy Baloons

(Chickens, Pigs, etc.)

Are the Strongest and Best.

BUY THEM FOR THE KIDDIES.

NATIONAL TRADING CO., *Sole* **Distributors,**

GEORGETOWN, DEMERARA.

THE

Guianese Garage Manager

BEGS TO WISH HIS CUSTOMERS AND FRIENDS

A Bright and Happy Xmas and Prosperous New Year.

In doing so I am asking a Purchaser to step forward and take with him a strong and durable Car, No. 1182. It is in excellent working order. That car you know is fitted with a German Bosche magneto and it gives over 25 miles to the gallon of gas. Do you know where to find it? At 29, Holmes Street. It can be seen at any time, it is very cheap. Well, for you to spend a Bright and Happy Xmas and a Prosperous New Year you must first have your car painted and a general overhaul and prompt delivery.

WHO'S THE MOTOR MECHANIC?

E. A. VAN TULL,
M.M.M.P.

Cable Address "Butchery," Demerara. 'Phone No. 185. P.O. Box No. 7

Stabroek Butchery, Ltd.,

Georgetown, Demerara, British Guiana.

Contractors to the Government.

BRANCHES AT

Cummingsburg ('Phone No. 425), Bourda and Farmers' Markets.

Special attention to the Shipping with—
Frozen Meats, Fresh Fish, Eggs, Poultry, Bread, Vegetables, Fruits, etc., etc.

Customers supplied daily with—Fresh Beef, Pork, Veal, Canadian Mutton and Fish at lowest market rates and with promptness.

To Our Customers and Patrons
We extend the Seasons' Greetings.

GO TO — —

Cendrecourt's Drug Store,

14, BROAD STREET, CHARLESTOWN,

For Pure Drugs, Chemicals and Patent Medicines.

PRESCRIPTIONS A SPECIALTY.

Day and Night Service. - - - - **Our Telephone No. is 266.**

We also have the usual Xmas Goods, including Perfumery and Toilet Articles, and a fine display of Xmas and New Year Cards. - - -

PLEASE GIVE US A CALL.

ESTABLISHED OVER HALF A CENTURY.

The Demerara Ice House

AND

First-class Family Hotel

ALWAYS TO THE FRONT.

COURTESY AND ATTENTION OUR WATCHWORD.

All Modern Sanitary Improvements. Cool and Airy Bedrooms. Electric Cars pass the Private Entrance every five minutes.

Wants of Commercial Travellers Specially Attended to.

FINE, COOL, AND COMFORTABLE RESTING-PLACE FOR VISITORS FROM ABROAD.

Special Arrangements for **BOARD & LODGING** by the Week or Month to Intending Residents in the Colony. Bedrooms entirely renovated, First-class Cuisine. Saloon and Billiard Tables.

WINES, SPIRITS and TOBACCOS of the BEST BRANDS (Wholesale or Retail.)

Our Famous Prize-Medal Rum can be had here.

☞ UP-TO-DATE MANAGEMENT.

Our Best Wishes to All. ❀ *Your Patronage Solicited.*

D'AGUIAR BROS.

P.O. BOX No. 81. PROPRIETORS. 'PHONE No. 81.

W. A. FISHER & Co.,

CHEMISTS. — — DRUGGISTS.

11, Lombard & Princes Streets.

OUR MOTTO IS:

QUALITY. - RELIABILITY. - PROMPTNESS.

OUR business has been built up by strict and prompt attention, honourable and fair dealing towards our Customers and ours is one of the most attractive and popular Establishments in Charlestown.

Customers will find it advantageous to themselves to patronise our Drug Store which is always replete with a fresh stock of English Drugs of irreproachable quality.

WE CARRY IN STOCK:

CURRANTS, RAISINS, DATES, WALNUTS, ALMOND NUTS, CHOCOLATES, XMAS CARDS, &c., &c.

'PHONE 192.

W. A. FISHER, Manager.

Hotel Tower.

T. MEW, Proprietor & Manager.

Clean, Healthful and Up-to-date.
Best Cuisine.
First Class Billiard Saloon.

—o—

Careful Attention paid to Guests.
All Steamers met.
Cable for Reservations.

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Special Attention paid to
Club or Society Dinners.

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Hotel Tower,
GEORGETOWN, - BRITISH GUIANA.

XMASTIME

IS HERE AGAIN, AND EVERYONE SEEMS QUITE DELIGHTED, ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY KNOW OF THE GOOD THINGS TO BE HAD AT THIS TIME.

—:o:—

We are again offering you lots of presents, perfectly new for the Season.

WRIST WATCHES
in elegantly designed cases, are the principal feature at this Establishment, the famous "Mother-of-Pearl" case, and none other.

Then there are:
DIAMOND FINGER RINGS, COIN and NUGGET BROOCHES and EARRINGS, PINS and TWISTED RINGS.

CLOCKS & EPERGNES
also a special feature, the home not being complete without oneof these at this festive season, and quite cheap.

Chas. E. Taylor & Co,
Watchmakers & Jewellers.
9, America & Longden Streets.

To all my Friends and Patrons a Joyous Season.

The Charlestown Steam Saw Mills,

Mud Lots 10 & 11, Water & Princes Streets,
AND
Late BUGLE SAW MILLS, Lots B1, or 3, Werk-en-Rust

Dealers In :

Hardwood and Sawn Materials of every Description, Rough and Dressed Lumber, Shingles, Wallaba Posts, Paling and Vat Staves, Hardware, Paints, Oils, etc., and every Requisite for Building and Repairing Purposes.

Our MILLS are fully equipped with Up-to-date Machinery for sawing all kinds of Timbers into all Specified Sizes.

DRESSING LUMBER OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
TURNED WORK—A SPECIALTY.

Sash Windows, Hoods, Screens, Casements, Newels, Spires, Table and Chair Legs, Cart Naves and Felloes Columns, Hangers, Drops, Brackets, etc., made to order.

WORKMANSHIP GUARANTEED.

Orders Executed Promptly and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Thanking our Customers and the Public in General for their kind patronage ; we solicit the continuance of same.

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THE CHARLESTOWN SAW MILLS,
And Sole Proprietor of
Late BUGLE SAW MILLS.

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General Wholesale and Retail Merchants,

DEALERS IN:

Gold, Diamonds and Precious Stones.

SOLICIT PATRONAGE.

Best prices paid for Diamonds at the following shops:—

ARANAPI, PERENUNG, EPING, and KURUPUNG, and also GEORGETOWN.

Georgetown Office: **Messrs. RODRIGUES & ABREU,**

WATER STREET (Oblique the Bazaar).

GEORGETOWN,
XMAS 1922.

King Street Livery Stables,

64, KING STREET. —— 'PHONE No. 197.

ALWAYS READY TO EXECUTE ALL ORDERS FOR

Weddings, Christenings, Dances, Drives, Funerals,

Etc., Etc.

THE PLACE FOR STYLISH TURNOUTS.

CIVIL AND RELIABLE GROOMS. - -
COURTEOUS AND PROMPT ATTENTION.

OUR UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT can supply all kinds of Coffins, from a Highly Polished Cedar to a Half-dressed.

☞ OUR POLISHED CEDAR IS SECOND TO NONE IN THE COLONY.

Silver Handles and other Imported Furniture from a recent Shipment.

TOMBS AND VAULTS MADE TO ORDER.

DOMES AND ARTIFICIAL WREATHS ALWAYS ON HAND.

T. M. CHEE-A-TOW, Proprietor.

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Auctioneers, Agents, Valuers and Stock-brokers.

We undertake all kinds of BUSINESS on Commission.

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Sole Partner.

B. G. Mutual Buildings,
HINCKS STREET.

C. MEHLER & Co.

Proprietor: PERCY C. WIGHT.

ESTABLISHED OVER 40 YEARS AGO.

The Leading House for Furniture.

We still maintain the lead in every line of Household and office Furniture.

In Upholstery Work the highest finish is given, and Materials used that cannot be had from any other House in the colony.

Estimates given for Office Furnishing and Furntiure of every description made to order and drawings submitted.

MEHLER'S FURNITURE HAS THE UNMISTAKABLE STYLE OF SUPERIORITY; IT MAKES YOU FEEL YOU OWN SOMETHING.

J. P. SANTOS & Co., LTD.,

Lots 54 & 55, Water Street, Robbstown, Georgetown.

NOMINAL CAPITAL: $350,000. | PAID UP CAPITAL: $285,000.

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— GENERAL DEALERS IN —

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Agents for:
The Guiana Match Factory, Ltd.,
Demerara.
"DURBAN MATCHES."

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J. T. VALLADARES & Co.,

BON MARCHÉ.

Wholesale & Retail.

FASHIONABLE DRAPERS

AND

GENTS' OUTFITTERS.

IMPORTERS OF

Fancy and Staple Goods.

New Goods by every Steamer.

J. T. VALLADARES & Co.

Georgetown, — Demerara.

To make You Enjoy the Xmas Season Perfectly Buy an

Ariel Cycle,

"British to the Backbone."

The word "ARIEL" stands for Excellence, Durability and Long Service.

For all other Information apply at the Sole Agents.

CRESCENT CYCLE STORE,

The Ariel's Home. - 17 & 18, Hincks St., Georgetown.

A. GAFOOR, Proprietor.

What are the boys saying?

Oh Jolly Joe we are here again
You know we never do complain
For you are just our artist that
Compels us to doff the hat
Which we do, with *goodwill.*
Your principle demands the right—
Your punctual acts fill with delight—
And then perfection crowns the show—
Hats off then boys to Jolly Joe.

With my heart's good wishes to all friends and customers this Xmastide, I say thanks to you my jolly good boys.

Motto: PRINCIPLE. PUNCTUALITY. PERFECTION.

Jos. H. Walrond,

YOUR ✻ TAILOR,

95. KING STREET,

Georgetown, Demerara.

LOPES, FERNANDES & Co.,

LIMITED,

Wholesale Provision Merchants,

Lot 47, Water Street,

Georgetown, Demerara.

IMPORTERS OF

English and American Foodstuffs.

PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

CHEAP FOR CASH.

Telephone No. 310.

A. F. GOMES & SONS,

(Late Fernandes & Gomes)

20, LOMBARD STREET,

Opposite The International Pawnbrokery.

We beg to notify our Friends and Customers that we have taken over this Business, and are soliciting a continuance of your Patronage.

Prices and Quality to meet the Times.

A. F. GOMES & SONS,

20, LOMBARD STREET,

CHARLESTOWN.

"The Argosy" Co., Ltd.,

Stationers, Booksellers, Bookbinders, and Publishers,

35 & 36, Water Street.

WE TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY OF WISHING YOU A HAPPY XMAS AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR AND TO THANK YOU FOR YOUR KIND PATRONAGE AND ALSO FOR YOUR KIND CONTINUANCE OF SAME - - - - - - - - -

TOYS! TOYS! TOYS!

A Fine Selection at Cheap Prices.

XMAS AND NEW YEAR CARDS AND CALENDARS.

Toy & Reward Books to Suit Children of all Ages.

XMAS ANNUALS :—Chums, Scout, Boy's Own Paper, Girl's Own Paper, Blackie's Children's Annual, Lucie Atwell's Annual, Collin's Children's Annual, Chatterbox, Playbox, Wonder Book Series, and a multitude of others to select from.

Fountain Pens.

"THE ARGOSY" ...$1.44 ea.

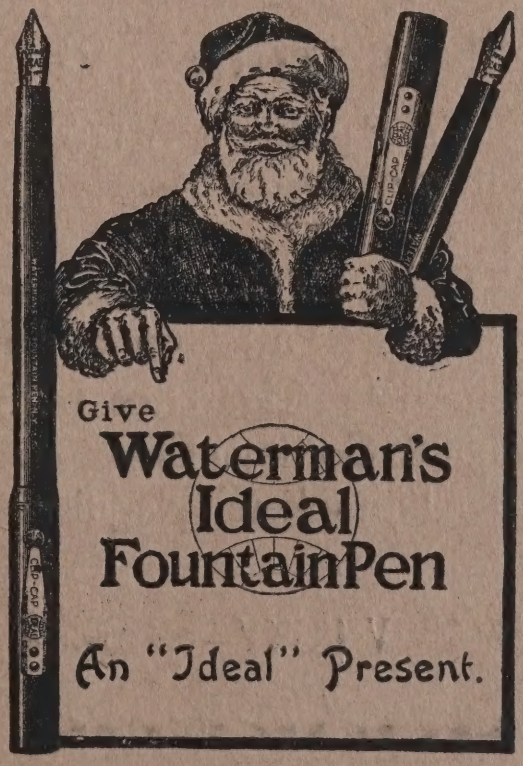
Do. Self-filling 2.00 „

"SWAN" ... $3.36, $3.84 & $5.28

WATERMAN'S IDEAL :

Ordinary ...	...$2.50
Self-filling ...	... 2.75
Do. with Gold Band	4.80
Gold Cased ...	... 9.00
Gold Cased Pencil to suit Pen...	4.80

ALL 18-KT. GOLD.



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of the Great Poets in Luxurious Bindings.

FOR SUITABLE PRESENTS.

Do not forget—

The Portable Typewriter.

Xmas Crackers!

Gentlemen's Leather Wallets and Purses.

Leather Attache Cases.

"THE ARGOSY" CO., LTD.

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CHRISTMAS CHEER!

APPLES.
ALMONDS.
APRICOTS.
BACON.
BISCUITS.
BUTTERS.
BEERS.
CHOCOLATES.
CRACKERS.
DRIED FRUITS, Etc.

CIGARS.
CIGARETTES.
NUTS.
PROVISIONS.
PUDDINGS.
PEELS.
WINES.
SPIRITS.
MINCEMEAT.
TABLE DECORATIONS.

OUR stock of Christmas Groceries this season is far and away in advance of the efforts of previous years. We have been able to procure the very latest Novelties and Crackers from England, and in addition our supplies of Seasonable Delicacies and Provisions are exceptionally fine.

CONFECTIONERY:

Cadbury's, Pascall's & Batger's
DELICIOUS CONFECTIONS.

TOBACCOS, Etc.,

of Every Description, in all Strengths and Weights.

Choice Cigars and Cheroots, Cigarettes both Turkish and Virginian, Pipes by Dunhill & Comoy, Cigar and Cigarette Holders and all Smokers' Requisites.

MANAGER

42.

HARVEY'S WHISKY—The Spirit of Quality.

BOOKERS

Amalgamated Groceries.

ORDER DEPT.

54.